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Two Dramas

One Song

NELSON GARDNER



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# Two Dramas

AND

# One Song

BY

NELSON GARDNER



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# CLIO AND LYCAON

A DRAMATIC POEM.

## Persons Represented

Clio, Athenian maiden.  
Lycaon, Clio's lover.  
Glaucus, friend of Lycaon.  
Latona, friend of Clio.  
Amphiaraus, philosopher.  
Alcmene, mother of Lycaon.  
Deucalion, father of Clio.  
Pyrrha, mother of Clio.  
Capaneus, warrior.  
Eriphyle, priestess of Vesta.  
Amphion, minstrel.  
Arion, poet.  
Maidens, warriors, etc.

Enter Chorus—

Now to the fairest town of lovely Greece—

When Greece was great, and garlanded with fame,  
We lead imagination, and in peace,

Tell of fierce war, and love's yet madder flame.  
Olympus, too, pertains unto our theme,

For though its lords be all derided now,  
Once were they more adored than many deem,

And their grand nod could haughty nations bow.  
Creation then was prodigal of gods,

Who were as incarnations of their time.  
They scourged denial with religious rods,

And called the truth that worshipped not, a crime.  
They smote with thunder all who would not kneel,

Yea, mightily did they the scoffer scath,  
And here do we unfold, for hearts that feel,

The story of two victims of their wrath.

---

Note.—The Roman names of the gods have in this drama generally been used; the author believing that Mars, Cupid, Venus, etc., possess greater significance than do their Greek equivalents.

Act I.

Scene—Fields and hills outside ancient Athens.  
Clio and Latona present.

Clio—The sanguine morning radiantly thrives!  
Sad darkness hath been happily deposed,  
And liberated earth needs now no star.

Latona—Yea, and for that will I Aurora praise!  
O boyant dawn, glad fount of ardent day,  
Happy are we, and beautiful art thou!

Clio—Favored, indeed, Latona, are our feet.  
Here there are hills the heavens cannot scorn,  
And fields with fragrant entertainment spread:  
Here lavish Flora covers earth with smiles,  
And with sweet breath delights pellucid dawn:  
O, here may we our wreaths serenly twine,  
Felicitated by a thousand buds,  
That bid our brows be gay!

Latona—Not yet doth Phoebus his bright head  
upraise,  
Though nature offers incense unto him;  
But we will gather garlands still, and wait  
'Till every vail is rent, and he appears.

Clio—Nay, I know not that I shall so remain,  
For hither now that perjured minstrel strays,  
Who, though he left Calisto to her tears,  
Dares ask of me more favor than a frown.

(Enter Amphion, with lyre.)

Amphion—Elusive beam, or is it hate or fear,  
That makes thee from my fond approaches fly?

Clio—What of Calisto, thou reproach to love,  
Whose shallow heart hath so intense a tongue?

Amphion—O, had I seen thee first, I ne'er had  
changed.

But who, that hath beheld the morning star,  
Can be with any other star content?

And brighter than bright Lucifer art thou.  
There is no light that is not dimmed by thee,  
Nor any love, like mine, in all the land.

Clio—For being false, thou giv'st a reason fair.  
But love, thou traitor, is no child of change.  
Only its semblance thus obeys the breeze,  
And honor's vows do not like Luna vary,

So blush, and go, and carry hence my scorn.

Amphion—Hear but this hymn, by love in anguish  
sung:—

(He sings.)

Thou favored sister of the lovely three,  
Thou wearer of the triple crown of grace,  
Forbid not love to look upon thy face;—  
Why should a fawn from adulation flee?  
Rebuke not, nymph, the harp that praises thee,  
For song appropriately serves thy race.  
Ah, wherefore lead affection such a chase,  
Or frown because thy beauty conquers me?  
Hark to love's orisons with gracious ear,  
And chide not when fond hymns to thee are sung.  
Shall beauty hate the voice that calls it dear,  
And shall love's votive gifts aside be flung?  
Ah Daphne, let thy clouded aspect clear,  
And lend thy loveliness a sweeter tongue.

Latona—Who is this Daphne, whom thou singest of?

Amphion—A nymph, who like cold Clio, fled from  
love.

Clio—Think not that thou canst soften me with song,  
For all the arts of Orpheus would fail  
To win thee pardon for Calisto's woe.  
Haste unto her to whom thy sighs belong:—  
I bid thee vanish with thy tuneful shell.

Amphion—Then withered are the laurels of the lyre,  
And sorrow is the recompense of song.  
Farewell to love, and joy, and spring, and thee.  
I go, with harp to threnody attuned.

(Exit Amphion.)

Clio—How sweet is an unwelcome guest's goodbye!

Latona—But tremble, Clio, for another comes.  
He bears no harp, and yet methinks he sighs.

Clio—Yea, tis indeed a suitor, and I fear,  
He, too, hath the pernicious gift of rhyme.

(Enter Arion.)

Arion—Sweet child of May, with spring's attraction  
crowned,

Hark to the loving hymn my soul recites.

(He reads.)

I will not worship anymore the rose,

Nor offer incense to a distant star,  
Nor ask the morning where the lilly grows,  
Nor seek for my divinity afar;  
For I have been where love's own altars are,  
And found the sweetest bud that spring bestows,  
Now blissfully remote from things that mar,  
And blooming where no blighting wind yet blows.  
And unto her I bring my gifts, and bow,  
While unto her I proffer all my praise;  
And she hath not rebuked, with frowning brow,  
My sighing voice, or my adoring gaze.  
And she hath not derided my fond vow,  
Nor scorned the hymns of homage I upraise.  
Clio—Arion, all thy rhymes are writ in vain.  
'Tis true I have not met thee with a frown,  
But neither did I ever fondly smile:—  
My single wish was not to sharply wound.  
But now, insistent sir, I must be plain;—  
I pray thee talk no more of love to me,  
For 'tis an ardor I cannot return.

Arion—Then fare thee well, I will remove my woe.

(Exit Arion.)

Clio—Another cloud hath from the morning gone.  
Now let us leave, ere fresh dismay arrive.  
The maidens wave at us from yonder lawn:—  
There make they preparation for this day  
Of Eleusinian festivity:  
And look, another tedious suitor comes!  
Away, Latona, fly with me from man!

(Exit both.)

(Enter Clonius.)

Clonius—Rise not, compelling sun, except thy beams  
Can thaw the frigid mood of yonder maid.  
I little hope to be so greatly blest,  
But follow still, though all pursuit be vain.

(Exit.)

(Enter Lycaon and Glacus.)

Lycaon—The car of glory hath begun to climb,  
And Phoebus, with emancipating light,  
Now animates the balmy eastern air.  
There rises his unconquorable crest!  
The raidiant commander of the day,  
Comes proudly forth, diffusing splendor far!



Glaucus—Oh! Blessed be his salutation bright!  
Assuredly the sun is nature's soul.

Lycaon—And more doth he delight in Attica,  
Than all the other pastures of the world.  
My spirit shares the bounty of the morn,  
And claims accordance with the festive ray  
That fills with ecstasy the dazzling east.  
O once, methought, my youth was turning gray,  
But now I deem it altogether gold.

Glaucus—Ah, Cupid is a wondrous alchemist!

Lycaon—I do admit he hath transmuted me  
From a dull clod into a quickened soul:—  
For he hath sent his sweetest minister,  
And by her magic charm have I been changed.  
A flower unimaginally fair,  
Hath raised my spirit out of captive clay,  
And made me as a resident of air.

Glaucus—Methinks that brilliant Clio's precious  
smile

Lends this bright exultation to thine eye.  
Have I not rightly named the one who reigns?

Lycaon—The sister of the lillies is her name,  
And all who cherish Flora call her dear.

Glaucus—Here stalks a reverend philosopher.

(Enter Amphiarus.)

Amphiarus—Fair be your morning, youths, and  
bright your day.

Lycaon—Distinguished Sir, thy favor we return.

Amphiarus—Lycaon, thou art rarely near me now.  
I fear that for some glittering decoy  
Thou hast abandoned profitable thought,  
And thereby wronged thy comprehending mind.  
Forget not, youth, the majesty of knowledge,  
Nor wisdom's yet more elevated throne.

Lycaon—Most loftily illuminated sage,  
Who hath once dull philosophy made fair,  
I often have evoked thy wisdom's aid,  
But I acknowledge now another guide,  
For by the light of an alluring eye,  
My spirit is ecstatically led,  
And in king Cupid's starred academies,  
I study how to woo a violet,

And win the most desirable flower  
That ever graced the rainbow courts of love.  
Amphiaraus—This ecstasy hath in it much to fear.  
Forbear to passionately search for pleasure,  
For those who seek for much imperil all.  
I see the termination of thy joy,  
That even by its bright intensity  
Predicts a like degree of muffled woe.  
I taught thee of sublime philosophy,  
That stands aloof from passion and its pangs;—  
Despising, from an eminence serene,  
The clamorous endeavors of vain flesh,  
Whose guerdon is decay. Be sane again!  
The wise, through sweet illusion, can discern  
The carnal derivation of all love,  
Whose victims sink, while dreaming that they soar.  
Soft passion doth impenetrable make  
This coffin of gross flesh, whose walls divide  
The soul within from light; and limit thought  
To this dun earth, this citidel of night,  
Wherein the tribes of darkness are intrenched.  
I know the maid on whom thy hopes are set.  
True, among things that perish, she is sweet,  
But shun her for her glamor, and beware:  
For she, alas, is perilously bright.  
I speak not thus from inference alone.  
The moon, and all its tributary stars,  
Have shed on me the beam of prophecy,  
And oft futurity appalls mine eye.  
Hear what the stars of thy beloved say!  
Learn what hath been upon the heavens writ  
Of this poor child of mutability,  
Whose beauty seems an enviable dower.  
This is a rose unfortunately fair.  
One whose rare brow rash Venus made too white.  
The world is wroth with those who so excell,  
And all the powers that she dares surpass  
Encompass her with doom. Force rules this sphere!  
Not long can pleasant grace remain supreme,  
For earthly crowns to craft and strength belong,  
And grim are this low world's prevailing gods.  
Lycaon—Nay, beauty soars, by all below adored;  
And my soft love, with her delightful hand,  
Might lead tremendous Ajax by the arm:—

Like as Aurora, with attractive light,  
Subdues oppressive night's repellent lords.  
Love is not governed by portentous signs,  
For angry comets fade when Venus smiles,  
And nothing do I fear but Clio's frown.

Amphiaraus—Ye sceptred gods, how impotent we  
are!

How vain are the endeavors of the seer  
To regulate the courses of the blind.  
Though sages preach, the world will not be saved.  
The prophet still is cursed as was Cassandra;—  
His true predictions never are believed.  
Hear, thou who dost my warning disregard:—  
Soon shall thy mounting soul despairing lie,  
And on thy Clio's head shall thunder fall.  
Thou, too, art for a fatal bolt designed,  
Except thy brain shall dominate thy breast,  
And thou shalt put this love of thine away.

Lycaon—My mind approves the maid my heart holds  
dear,

And though the furies my desire withstood,  
Yet my staunch love would dare their utmost rage.  
But, solemn sage, the day, to me, is fair,  
And I am not infected by thy fear.

Amphiaraus—O, thus the kindest truth is disbe-  
lieved!

Farewell, poor youth, I see thee clothed with dread,  
And all my insight will not serve to save.

(Exit Amphiaraus.)

Glaucus—Thus railing winter oft consoles itself  
For the lamented loss of summer joys:  
And old men chide the revelry of youth  
Because stiff age denies the sport reprov'd.

Lycaon—Nay, all his admonitions are sincere;  
But constant thought can make a wise man mad,  
And he hath overtaxed his noble brain.  
But now farewell to sad philosophy.  
The maidens come! How drear must be the eye  
That looks upon their grace, and is not glad.

(Enter Clio and Latona, with other maidens bright-  
ly clad, and youths dressed as shepherds.)

Latona—Come hither, chosen Clio, and be crowned!

(Clio takes center of stage and all form around her.)

Latona—

With violets divinely blue,  
That must be sought ere they are seen;  
With roses of impassioned hue,  
And lillies of a saintly mien,  
In vestal white arrayed serene,  
And starred with iridescent dew,  
We crown our Clio, and proclaim her queen  
Of springtime, and of splendor born anew.  
(Latona crowns Clio with flowers.)

Latona—Now, majesty, prepare to lead the masque.  
(Fastens butterfly wings on Clio, and gives her wand.)

(Clio advances, shepherds and nymphs form semi-circle.)

Clio—

An emissary of the dawn am I,  
And from the rosy borders of the day,  
Have I flown down, to teach men that the sky  
Sends messengers to bless the earth in May.  
Now with my wand do I depose decay,  
And lift ye from the dust by which ye die.  
Here I create Arcadia, and lay  
A blissful spell on every mortal nigh.

(Waves wand.)

Forget, ye shepherds, that ye ever knew  
A damsel who bewildered love with guile:  
And you, blithe nymphs, believe that swains are true,  
And unreservedly upon them smile.  
I bid you be as children for a while,  
And with dear innocence your hearts indue.  
I purge your breasts of all that can defile,  
And here the perfume of your souls renew.

(Waves wand again.)

Come dance, ye nymphs, and charm the air.  
Outfoot, like sprites, the zepthers fleet.  
Your gauzes, and your garlands wear,  
And with your scarfs the breezes greet.  
Your steps can with the winds compete,  
Your feet can frustrate leaden care,

And as you measure time with rhythms sweet,  
Your shining locks do with the dawn compare.

(All dance.)

In green Arcadia's bright ground  
Sweet Flora's courts are never cold.  
White flocks upon the hills abound,  
But no dark fang invades the fold.  
Here love is neither bought nor sold,  
And treasures without toil are found:—  
Then dance, ye daughters of the age of gold,  
Whose brows are with the buds of morning bound.

(All dance.)

Here ever shall the minstrel find  
The fields invitingly arrayed.  
Here never are the winds unkind,  
Nor doth the night make men afraid.  
Here never is the dove dismayed,  
Nor are bright wings by bars confined.  
Here only pipes attuned to peace are played,  
And only love's desired fetters bind.

(All dance.)

We have our time in which to sing,  
Although we live below the stars.  
We rise upon Aurora's wing,  
And mount beyond night's gloaming bars.  
We glory not in battle scars,  
For love is our elected king;  
And hating the destructive arts of Mars,  
We celebrate the victory of spring.

(Enter Capaneus, in full armor.)

Capaneus—Bubbles of life, who on volcanos dance,  
And under death's grim jurisdiction play,  
Know that the world is still the seat of war,  
And learn to live according to stern laws.  
Now sacrifice to elemental Mars,  
For hither doth contention swiftly come,  
To rouse the brave, and make the coward hide.  
Hear, ye who tripping pleasure chiefly prize!  
The vaunting Spartans, casting faith aside,  
And violating solemn treaties made,

From noble Thebes, by treachery o'er thrown,  
Now toward these fields ambitious faces turn.  
With dripping swords, and javelins red with war,  
High in their haughty chariots they ride,  
And by late victory made madly proud,  
They trust to top the hills with Sparta's fame,  
And deem to make all other Grecian states  
The servile ministers to her renown.  
Ye lusty youths, who lightly here employ  
The strength that should your threatened country  
shield,

Now rise up out of enervating ease,  
And be our menaced land's heroic guard.

Lycaon—Think not, blunt soldier, that because we  
here

Perform befitting rites to spring and morn,  
We will be loth to valorously draw  
For Athen's sake our patriotic steel.  
By righteous strength, compellingly arrayed,  
Shall Sparta's fierce invading wolves be met;  
And they, who boast they never lose their shields,  
May with them on our fields forever lie.  
Our arms must shut this scourge from Attica  
As strictly as grim night from noon is barred.  
For now recall the glory we defend:—  
Exalted Athens, capitol of grace:  
Metropolis of culture, wise and calm:  
Eternal art's most elevated shrine:  
City in beauty evermore supreme:  
Never was any other name so starred.  
She that is thus superlative in charm,  
Shall now preeminent in battle prove.  
We will environ her with victory;—  
Yea, by that strong intrepid demigod  
Whose mightly hand malignant Hydra slew,  
We'll cut the growth that would destroy her down.  
Be satisfied, stern envoy of strict Mars,  
For warriors these seeming shepherds are,  
And if devoted action will avail,  
Upon our crests shall dazzling conquest shine.  
We'll aim our javelins true, and cast them far,  
And shatter with intolerable strokes  
The brazen ranks of the affronting foe.

Capaneus—Leave then your airy baubles, and prepare

For frowning combat, and indignant war.

Lycaon, to Clio—Surpassing maid, whom garlands rightly gird,

List to my tender importunities,  
And grant the suit that I adoring urge.  
Give me the crown that love requited wears,  
And let me go to war with beauty won.

Clio—My heart, Lycaon, hath thy pleading heard,  
And haply thou mayst soon my promise hear;  
But I would not be won by staring day.  
Come thou when the imaginative moon  
Envelopes love with sympathetic light.  
Visit me then, and night will help thee woo,  
And thine own excellence, perchance, will win:  
Meantime, for sterner victory prepare.

(Exit Clio.)

Lycaon—Then haste, thou sentimental orb of night!  
O, would that I might now dismiss the sun,  
For I am wroth with that too vivid ray  
That makes her inaccessible to love.  
But day and night both mock at man's desire,  
And many are the laws we must obey.  
I will make ready, as she wills, for war.

(He addresses all present.)

Compatriots, whom honor calls to arms,  
Rouse now your spirits for a bold exploit!  
We must with steel our enemies instruct,  
And tutor high presumption with prompt swords.  
Compelling Pallas will for Athens fight,  
And victory will emanate from Jove.

---

## Act II.

Scene I.—Marble terrace of villa in Athens. Moonlight.

Clio present alone.

Now musing night's idealizing beam  
Doth on our marble courts chaste glamor shed,  
And on the silver breeze soft favor floats.  
Come, love, in this thine own allotted time!  
Plead, suitor, and thou shalt not be gainsayed!

(Lycaon enters in full armor and pauses at foot of low steps.)

Lo! can that lofty warrior be he?

Yea, 'tis my prince, and on his armored form  
A thousand captive rays transfigured shine.

Now surely he that comes to woo me wears  
The brightest steel that ever mirrored stars.

War, thou hast made my lover beautiful!

Achilles shook not so sublime a crest.

Mars and Apollo are in him conjoined,

And all the attributes of two proud gods

Appear united in a single man.

Mount, admiration, but remain unseen!

I'll seek the secret shadows for a while,

And watch him in his lone magnificence.

(Clio retires, Lycaon ascends terrace.)

Lycaon—Where now is the attraction of the night?

Lo, she is hidden, though the moon be here,

And absent from me in the promised hour.

O, can a look so tender be untrue?

Nay, precious still I deem her golden pledge,

And trusting soon to win her, I will wait.

But war will not allow for love's delay.

Then hasten, love, and occupy the night!

Diana thy fair domination fears,

Though her bright charms night's purple depths sur-  
prise.

Sweet queen of shining galaxies art thou,

And constellations envy thee thine eyes.

Thou cynosure of night, though stars be nigh,

Come and make fairer realms already bright.

Thou dear reality, that dost possess

The sweet perfection of which minstrels dream:—

Thou incarnation of a bard's ideal:—

Appear, or I will rail at every vow,

Be true, or I will even doves distrust.

(Clio comes forward.)

Clio—Lycaon, I am shaken in thy sight!

O, welcome in the garb of bravery!

Lycaon—I greet thee, love, by that caressing light

Beneath whose sheen I may declare my soul.

Judge not my spirit by this vesture cold,

In which, as Athen's son, I am incased.

Insistent war demands this iron vest,



But tender doth the hidden heart remain,  
And trust me, sweet, its beat transcends all bars.

Clio—Ah, not in robes of relaxation clad.  
Did I desire my heart's lord to come.  
Never to silken suitor would I yield,  
For noble love proceeds but from the brave:  
And as thy tongue of soft affection tells,  
Thy rigid mail sublimely intimates  
That valor also in thy bosom dwells.  
O, I delight in this thy bold attire,  
And deem the glinting helmet on thy brow  
More glorious than Cupid's crowning curls!  
And more admire thee, arrayed in steel,  
Than if the golden fleece adorned thy form.

Lycaon—Then blessed be the panopy of war,  
Since beauty by its import may be won.  
Now let my heart its bright possession praise,  
And tell the Pleiades they are surpassed.  
Pearl of the world, and of my soul the prize,—  
Grace crowns thy head, and beauty clothes thy form!  
Love finds Elysium in thy consent,  
And the dear worth of thy approving word  
Surpasses all the benefit that kings  
Can from the mount of majesty bestow.  
Thou canst confer more favor with thy lips  
Than earth's collected coffers could repay.  
And now enwrapped in empyrean air,  
And ornamented with romantic light,  
Thou dost my spirit altogether charm.  
O, thou art one for whom a god might pine,  
Or whose dear smile might deify a man!  
Before thy beauty doth the rose retire,  
And lillies jealously thy charms behold.  
With Psyche's brow, and Cytherea's bloom—  
Clio—Nay, love, withhold thy soaring compliment.  
The gods will surely frown to hear so praised  
A creature formed of perishable clay:—  
And well may we this night implore their care.  
Oh! let our hearts remember heaven now!  
For thou art bound for perilous debate.  
A field of dread encounter is thy goal,  
And by thy side shall danger ever march:—  
Let us then own our vanity, and pray.

Lycaon—How variable is this gem of mine!  
How swiftly do her dear emotions change!  
Why thou didst lately, love, proclaim this helm  
A cap more glorious than any crown,  
And call this hard cuirass man's noblest coat.  
Why then art thou so anxious now, and pale?

Clio—O, terror oft attends on things sublime,  
And now I feel the stern significance  
Of this proud suit, that recently I deemed  
The noblest garb a maiden could admire:—  
And certainly a sword becomes a man,  
But all its beauty is allied with death.  
And therefore, even as mine eye is fond,  
So must I view thy gleaming front with fear.  
Thy coat is silver, and thy cap is gold,  
But dazzling things are oft a mark for death,  
And truly, love, thy splendor is my dread.

Lycaon—Thou wouldst not have me linger at a feast  
When there are noble battles to be fought.

Clio—O, I would have thee neither go nor stay;  
For there is no security in war,  
And darkness menaces thy safe return:  
But if, when heroes march, thou shouldst remain,  
The white and honorable brow of love  
Would never more be fair.

(Trumpet sounds.)

Lycaon—Hark, love, the trumpet of contention  
sounds,

And threatened Athens for her guard now calls!  
Farewell! If my poor speech hath seemed to-night  
But vacant compliment and cloying praise,  
Trust now that only truth is in my soul,  
And that my lips express love's purest zeal,  
As with their hallowed pressure I depart,  
And soothe cold separation with a kiss.

Clio—Oh crested lover, if thou com'st not home,  
I swear by Dian's glory, ne'er to wed!

(Trumpet sounds again.)

Lycaon—The martial summons once again is blown,  
And I, as duty's legionary, leave.  
Delight is here, and death looms dark afar,  
Yet toward that distant terror, lo, I turn:—  
Thus love is ever uttering farewell!

Goodbye, sweet, and goodnight.

(Exit Lycaon.)

Clio—O, all ye powers that embellish night,  
And ye that do confer desired day,  
Shed now protection on Lycaon's head!  
Thou monarch among gods, transcendant Jove,  
Thou that above perception hast thy throne,  
Thou that forever art supremely high,  
Gird my beloved with beneficence,  
And grant that he, whom war hath born away,  
May sheathe his sword in triumph, and return.

---

Scene II.—Same as first—by day.

Clio present alone.

How chafing to the spirit is suspense  
When all our hopes upon one issue hang.  
How are our souls tried with uncertainty.  
Even the messengers of war conflict.  
Some tell that triumph beams upon our troops,  
Making refulgent each heroic shield  
That met the foe in Attica's defense:  
But there be ravens that report defeat,  
Chilling our souls with rumors of dread rout;  
And halting doubt, of contradiction bred,  
With hesitating feet, and anxious face,  
Devided from conviction, feebly drifts;—  
Deprived of vigor, yet devoid of rest.  
How torn is love in this distracted hour!  
O where, my warrior, dost thou ride now?  
What fortune in the angry field is thine?  
My heart is fond, yet thou, its lord, art far;—  
Yea, thou may'st be as distant e'en as death,  
And never more to me, thy maid, be near.

(Enter Latona and other maidens.)

Latona—Pale Clio, we have thus together come  
To keep thy apprehension company.  
We all are of an anxious sisterhood,  
And similar solicitude now share.  
We know not absolutely, but we hear  
That dread invasion hath been driven back.  
'Tis said our guards return victorious,  
And will anon triumphantly appear.  
Chloris—But some faint tongues declare that they  
retreat,

And fair report yet lacks desisive proof.  
Clio—Our souls are centers of anxiety,  
And even though bright glory gild our arms,  
The dew of grief shall fill the loyal eyes  
Of many stricken maids, who nobly weep  
For valor dead, and love forever gone.  
My spirit shall the robes of rapture wear,  
And love will mount to its meridian,  
If as a conqueror Lycaon comes,—  
Victorious, and with no ugly wound.  
But if, detained by death, he shall remain  
Upon sharp war's intense and tragic field,  
Where warriors asleep in honor lie,  
And everlastingly commended rest,  
Then will I put on Vesta's white array,  
And smile no more on any living man.

(Enter Capaneus.)

Capaneus—Now laud the gods, and glorify the skies,  
For regal victory doth Athens crown,  
And brighter wreaths than Troy's destroyers wore  
Upon the brows of our defenders rest,  
While all our swords are silvered with success.  
Then honor every altar, shrine, and fane,  
With gifts of thanks, and offerings of praise,  
And to the lords of high Olympus kneel;—  
Thus to the gods expressing gratitude  
For this blest evidence of their large grace.

Clio—Glad warrior, is this great joy assured,  
And is thy tale beyond correction true?

Capaneus—Yea, I myself among the victors fought,  
And saw the Spartan's final charge repelled.

Clio—O, tell me now of that devoted chief,  
Who led, with bravest port, the younger guard!

Capaneus—As to his fate, I nothing can inform,  
But certainly our youths were captained well.

Latona—Hast thou no bright report of Glacus heard?

Chloris—Is noblest Bion living now, or dead?

Io—Give me assurance that Meander thrives!

Orithyia—O, let me hear that Jason is not slain!

Capaneus—Dear maids, I know not how these heroes  
fare,

But now the guards themselves are drawing nigh,

And they can tell what ye so pant to know.

Clio—There, There, Superior and proud—they come!  
(Enter soldiers and populace.)

Latona—Lo, Glaucus leads! Now Jove and Mars be  
praised

For having saved my splendid hero thus!

Clio—Gods! Gods! Lycaon's crest doth not appear,  
And he who should be first is nowhere found.  
O night, thy shroud for evermore is mine!

Chloris—O Bion! Bion! Gladness dies with thee!

Io—I see my shining soldier!

Orithyia—Love hath escaped the night!

Clio—O tell me, Glaucus, is Lycaon dead,  
Or doth he suffer some restricting wound?

Glaucus—Our host amazed beheld his arm perform:  
Oft through thick lines of concentrated steel,  
He like a raging son of thunder drove,  
And carved clear way among congested foes  
With his sharp flashing and decisive sword.

Clio—His eyes have told me of his bravery.  
And how he fought, I without seeing, knew:—  
But courage cannot make a man immortal,  
And I perceive the import of thy praise,  
And deem it sadder than an elegy.  
Tell me direct what I already feel.

Glaucus—Then know that he in proudest manner  
fell,

And lies with those who greatly daring—die.  
His epitaph is writ in his own blood  
On fame's bright leaf of everlasting gold,  
And he in death is far more glorious  
Than we who with our lesser lives return.  
Then yield not altogether to regret,  
For truly like a man thy lover died.

Clio—O, would that like a god he might have lived!  
Have you not brought at least his body back?

Glaucus—That portion of the field whereon he fell  
Was both by chariots and chargers plowed,  
And after we possessed the ghastly plain,  
We sought to find him, but we searched in vain.

Clio—The victory of winter is complete,  
And all the world is withered to mine eye.

Now shall no ardent rose be plucked by me,  
For all my heart is given to the dead;  
And with a spirit blighted in the spring,  
I here forgo all passionate delight,  
And leave the life erected upon love.  
With look directed toward Elysium,  
I'll tend the virgin fire in Vesta's fane,—  
Far from the proud desire of the world.

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Act. III.

Scene.—Exterior of temple of Vesta in Athens.  
Glaucus, Amphion and Clio's parents present.

Glaucus—I learn, sir, that thy child completes to-day  
The limpid vows that Vesta's daughters take.

Deucalion—Yea, such is her impeccable desire,  
And we have yielded to her stainless will,  
And sadly, yet devoutly, given sanction  
To her withdrawal from our common life.  
No tongue could overstate our sacrifice,  
For her sweet presence was our hearth's whole cheer.

Pyrrha—She is supremely precious unto us.  
So fair a child ne'er blest a home before,  
Nor could a daughter more beloved be.  
O, too much sorrow for one soul I feel!  
My breast conceals a sea of tears unshed.

Glaucus—It is a solemn but uplifting thing  
To see so fair a maid so firm resolved.  
Her grace enhances her renunciation,  
And as her parents you are honored ever.

Amphion—Hark, and the music of the vestals hear!  
Now beauty comes, to bid the world goodbye.

(Enter Vetsals, with guard of soldiers.)

Vestals chant hymn.

O Vesta, clad in raiment ever white,  
Thy brow is pure, and all thy being bright!  
Within thy breast abides celestial snow,  
And fairest thoughts thy shining features show.  
The dignity of virtue makes thee dear,  
And all the gods thy virgin walks revere.  
With chastity thou precious art crowned,  
And lofty lillies all thy paths surround.  
Unblemished buds thy lifted shrines adorn,

And bloom serene, apart from passion's thorn.  
Two azure sanctuaries are thine eyes,  
That look more limpid than uncurtained skies.  
Immaculate as dawn is thy desire,  
And never noon affects thee with its fire.  
O paragon, whom all in Athens praise,  
A new child comes to walk in thy blest ways.  
The world now yields to thee another maid,  
And at thy feet our city's pearl is laid.  
Admired Clio, maid supremely fair,  
Renounces man, and would thy vestments wear.  
From work oft vain, and play that wearies fast,  
From love's mad pain, and life's soon stale repast,  
She doth to thee in fond devotion turn,  
And all mundane imaginations spurn.  
Now leaves she all earth's feverish delight  
For that chaste flame that makes blue heaven bright.  
Lo, at thy altar she prepares to bow,  
And take the consecrated lily's vow.

Priestess—Dost thou, maid Clio, finally accept  
The argent wreath that doth a vestal crown?  
Art thou prepared to worship purity,  
And make to Vesta everlasting vows?

Clio—Yea, I abjure all love terrestrial,  
And with a stainless chaplet on my brow,  
Would unto virgin separation go.

Priestess—Do ye, who gave her first unto the world,  
Now yield her to the goddess of chaste fire?

Deucalion—Our hearts are to this severance resigned,  
And we deliver her to Vesta's grace.

(Clio embraces parents.)

Priestess—Come, seek we now the temple, for there—  
in

The maid must take the consumating vow.

(Clio, parents, and vestals enter temple.)

Amphion—How many proper men would gladly  
marry

This captivating maid who will not wed.  
Though day and night call her adorable,  
She veils her fascination, and withdraws:  
While cupid marks her going with dismay,  
And wonders at his arrows impotence.  
When beauty thus is unapproachable,

The god of love hath much to grumble at.  
Glaucus—Her charms impart a glamor to devotion,  
And nothing noble can be wholly sad.  
I pity, though, her parent's brimming eyes,  
Their sorrow, surely, is exceeding deep.

Amphion—Faith, I myself do shrivel with regret  
To see so luminous a form thus veiled.  
My songs shall now for quite a month be sad;  
But I will dedicate a noble hymn  
To Clio and Lycaon, and my art  
Shall make immortal her renunciation,  
And his heroic and romantic death.  
But though they thus adapt themselves to verse,  
I grieve to see the maid debarred from love.

Glaucus—Lycaon, dead, more lives within her heart  
Than any fond proprietor of breath.  
He lived for her, and still she sighs for him,  
And well might she despair to find his peer.  
He was a most accomplished warrior.  
Familiar with the arts, and fond of books,  
And yet as apt as Hector with his blade:—  
Indeed his virtues were most various,  
And such as rarely in one spirit blend:—  
In truth, no town save Athens breeds his kind.  
Beholding him, the world astonished saw,  
A cultured athlete, and a martial scholar.  
Polite yet staunch, and hardy though refined.  
Possessed of silken force, and smiling power.  
Bold, but not brutal, prompt, and yet composed.  
Ardent in toil, but temperate in pleasure.  
Surpassing strong, yet worthy of his strength,  
Which hence became a general benefit,  
And thus in him the sturdy name of man  
Was graced with the transcendant title—gentle;  
Which is the crown and seal of excellence,  
And consecrates the soul possessed of it.  
Now truly it is nothing marvelous  
That Clio, whom he sought, should for his sake  
All other love eternally deny.  
She cares not for the world, for it hath lost  
The one whose presence made it excellent  
To her unalterably plighted heart:—  
Thus she adopts remote virginity  
Even because of her devoted love.



And earth is honored by her constancy.  
Her sweet adherance, and her winged devotion,  
Impart a spiritual flame to passion,  
And tell that the affection of a maid  
Is holier than satarists suppose:  
And love's allegiance, thus by her displayed,  
Proves that our souls are not as carnal things,  
And makes each heart that honors women glow.

(Bell tolls.)

Now the rich bell with silver tone proclaims  
That Clio dwells within the holy pale,  
And is among the Vestal train enrolled.

Amphion—It tolls with such a sorrowful sweet sound,  
That love, bereft, seems in its note to sigh.  
Oh! Urns and ashes, love hath raised the dead!  
See where the shade of lost Lycaon comes!

Glaucus—Gods in your grace my threatened reason  
shield!

I see more than my soul can understand!

(Enter Lycaon.)

Lycaon—Pray moderate, fair sirs, your white amaze-  
ment.

I am no haunting spirit, come to blast  
Ye that are living with a deathful eye,  
Nor any weird exhistance born of air,  
But wholly flesh, and altogether friend.

Glaucus—O, why didst thou so long remain away?  
Too late is writ forever on thee now.

Lycaon—What need, faint Glaucus, makes thee so  
desire

That I had journeyed hither with more haste?

Glaucus—My utterance is addled with surprise.  
I cannot think, and know not what I say.

Lycaon—Now truly, sir, I looked to have from thee  
A kinder greeting than this troubled stare.  
Hath friendship waned whilst I have been away?

Glaucus—Nay, my regard is even as before.  
I am indeed bewilderd, but not vexed,  
Tell me, whilst I correct my reeling mind:—  
By what high dispensation wert thou saved  
From that red field whereon we saw thee fall?

Lycaon—A Spartan's gratitude preserved me thus,

And even by a foeman I was saved.  
When all our swords were bitterly engaged,  
I smote to lowly earth a haughty lord.  
But then, with pity governing my steel,  
Forebore to slay him I had overcome.  
Now later I myself was fiercely struck,  
And down to long oblivion I fell.  
Our adversaries then awhile prevailed,  
And he for whom I first compassion had,  
Proved soon that mercy was reciprocal.  
He caused me to be out of battle borne,  
And tended to me even in retreat.  
So, wounded sore, I was conveyed afar,  
And in a Spartan home I rested long:—  
There oft in moments of delirium  
I raved of an incomparable name,  
To watchers who in Athens are called foes,  
But who deserve from me a dearer term.  
I rose at last, crowned with recovery,  
And hither journeying, I come intense,  
To greet the keeper of my heart again.  
The maid whom I would leave the skies to gain,  
Clio, the world's criterion of grace!  
She to whom earth cries—Ah!  
Glaucus, thy look would make the dawn lament,  
Or drape the noonday firmament in gloom.  
What thick misfortune shadows so thine eye?  
What of my lady? Say that she is well,  
And I'll forgive each irritating sigh.  
Gods! all my heart congeals with sudden fear!  
Tell me, what may thy shaken aspect mean?  
Hath some calamity assailed my love,  
Whilst I, that should have guarded, have been gone?

(Door of temple opens, and virgins appear.)

Glaucus—The dread reply thou shalt not hear, but  
see!

There, like a curse, the awful answer comes!

Lycaon—Assemble, all ye mists, around this sight,  
And make unreal the horror I behold!

Not dead, and yet forever separate!

Oh! Ne'er again permitted to be near!

Let the black fates, that such despair decreed,  
Because of this in shame eternal hide.

Cursed be the comet that malignly reigned

When this abhorred division was conceived!  
Ye favored gods, if ye can pity feel,  
Blind all the stars beneath whose baleful eyes  
This monstrous wrong to abscent love was planned!  
Glaucus—Surround him, friends, for 'tis the Vestal  
law

That one soft word to her would end his life.

Lycaon—She sees me now, but seems to doubt her  
sight.

I'll speak to her, though legions may cry hold.

Clio, be not devided by a vow!

Receive my heart, and give thy love, again.

I live, but if thy smile be lost, I die!

(Soldiers seize Lycaon. Clio faints.)

Priestess—Irreverent, abominable man,

Durst thou thus openly our laws defy,

Fearing not heaven, and the gods aroused?

Rash violater of commandments pure,

I here thy mad impiety arraign!

Now by the elevated rank I hold

In spiritual Vesta's temple high,

The sentence of destruction I pronounce,

And even unto death do thee condemn.

(To the vestals.)

Give our unconscious devotee good care.

She did not speak, and therefore did not sin.

Glaucus—High guardian of Vesta's crystal flame,

Let me for one whom love hath maddened plead.

Wounds long withheld him from communion dear:—

Wounds that to man's nobility attest.

O let his blood, for Athens bravely shed,

Now for his life sublimely intercede!

No sacrifice can so appease the gods

As that which he hath for his country made.

Forgive, then, his brief frailty, and forbear

This deadly reperation to exact.

Priestess—Hear ye, and fear:—virginity's proud law

Nothing of soiled ~~ext~~enuation knows.

Strict are its operations, and as true,

As are the awful scales that weigh our souls.

And he that would its majesty deny,

Shall in a land of nettles make his bed,

And feel within his breast upbraiding briars.

Are ye indifferent to Vesta's wrath?  
Know, then, to your unceasing awe and dread,  
That none are more in heaven praised than she.  
For though few imitate, yet all admire,  
The limpid quality of her clear soul.  
And if ye let this desecrator live,  
Immortals all, roused by their purest wronged,  
Shall swift as meteors beside her speed,  
To rain rebuke on this offending town.  
Gods that were wont to graciously protect,  
Shall fiercer than the Cretan bull assail.  
And strongest Jove, with all his bolts unbound,  
Shall startle worlds with deity's revenge!

(Capaneus—captain of soldiers.)

The virgin priestess utters heaven's word  
Among her circle of untarnished maids.  
With hallowed voice she unto Athens speaks,  
And what she holds, that will our swords maintain.  
Lycaon—None here would with her vestal will con-  
tend;

And I, whose death is by her lips decreed,  
Accept the final sentence, and submit,—  
Not fearing life's inevitable foil.  
Light hath already gone:—since love is lost,  
I have no other treasure to resign,  
And he that slays takes nothing from me now.

Priestess—Because he is assuredly a soldier  
We fain would make his soul's departure mild.  
Serve him with hemlock—draught of deepest sleep.  
Mix the last cup to-morrow! Brew it strong,  
And let him drink, and die.

(Exit all but Glaucus.)

Glaucus—Shall then my always estimable friend  
Prostitute fanatics with his life?  
Shall one in merit chief and first thus fall,  
By superstition ignorantly slain?  
Nay, not while I have mine own life to risk.  
I vow by his most treasurable worth  
Not idly to behold a wrong so great.  
I know the keeper of the prison, he  
Fears not the gods, and worships only gold.  
His heart is less capacious than his hand,  
And nothing can so much his being move

As that which may appeal unto his palm.  
I deem him therefore a defiling tool,  
Yet his delinquency I'll but employ  
For a commendable and proper end.  
Faugh! Mine is not a spirit born to bribe!  
But 'tis with lofty purpose that I bend,  
And high intention shall efface the stain  
That all incur who traffic with a knave.  
Lycaon's need shall broadly justify  
My worthy use of deviating means.  
I'll work with righteous guile, and highly plot  
To serve my friend, and set him justly free.

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Act. IV.

Scene I.—Prison cell in Athens. Lycaon alone.

Lycaon—The issue of warm love is cold despair;  
But slumber will obliterate regret,  
And soon I go to where my bones belong.  
Death is the end of every argument,  
And the chill tomb discredits each proud prize.  
Poor man, who fain would stalk, must ever creep,  
And still be little, even on a throne.  
For what are kings but arbiters of worms,—  
Groaning themselves, and making others groan.  
Down, princes! Down! your specious majesty  
Is something that an atom can deny.  
Kneel, conquerors, and chieftains, meekly bow.  
Boast not of victory, and ride not high,  
For pride is brittle, and most apt to break.  
Remember that your day is temporal;  
And mock not, for ye are too frail to gibe,  
And trample not, for ye yourselves are low.  
I was a lord of love, for I had gained  
The brilliant hand of beauty. I was crowned  
With more than gold and palpatating pearl.  
Behold me in my last environment!  
Girded with tokens of captivity,  
And nearing the dark limit of my day  
With fondest love by false law nullified,  
And fair desire balked unto the last.  
Is there a cup beyond that mocks not thirst?  
Shall my parched soul be gratified hereafter  
With nectar that terrestrial springs deny?

O reason, how art thou derided here!  
Yet let me, on the verge of night consider  
Unto what entertainment I am bound.  
As years increase our faculties decline.  
Can any principle immortal dwell  
In such a failing seed? True, the brave sun,  
Oft though it sinks, fails not again to climb.  
Shall souls, that also set, thus bright arise,  
And be admitted at the gates of dawn?  
My querries are propounded to a chasm,  
And only the eternal mists reply.  
For highly though we argue and aspire,  
The great interrogation still remains;  
And all we surely know is that we die.  
The deeps that we are questioning are dumb.  
O silence, let thine emblem be an urn!  
Death, thou art utterly conjectural,  
And life, thou too art verily unknown.  
But from our dreams let fear be calmly barred,  
For nothing hath the slumberer to dread.  
Pain is an attribute to flesh confined,  
And misery is altogether mortal.  
If spirits live, they happily survive.  
Then hardily through twilight will I steer,  
Until I reach the terminating gulf  
Where ends the brief authority of man.  
There rage no storms such as disturb the sea,  
And there no mariner need fear to lie,  
For if we rise not, we at least shall rest.

(Enter Amphiarus.)

Amphiarus—Alas, Lycaon, this is pitiful,  
Yea, terrible beyond all exclamation!  
I loved thee, youth, in mine own ancient way,  
And sufferance invades my deepest soul,  
As I behold thee thus assigned to death.

Lycaon—Thy prophecy, I now perceive, was true,  
Save that not even death makes me regret  
The intercourse that thou didst warn me of.  
I would not, for the gift of life, efface  
That one soft night when love's fond star shone fair.

Amphiarus—Ah, better live long in tranquility,  
Than briefly flare, and lastingly expire.  
Thou couldst have grandly sailed the seas of thought,

And found the blessed isles, if mortal can:—  
But thou hast turned from the triumphal mind,  
And followed the intense, tempestuous heart,  
And as a last calamitous conclusion,  
Thus art thou relegated to the dusk.

But ah, how peevish of me to reproach  
One who stands upright on the mystic rim;—  
Prepared, with more than precepts, to depart.

Lycaon—Life is the tempest and the tragedy,  
And death I deem a tranquil aftermath.

Amphiaraus—Philosophy proclaims it so to be,  
Yet even faith must grieve when dear ones die,  
And wisdom now seems almost mockery.  
My presence here is even as a cloud,  
And I but hide the sun, and cast a shade.  
I'll leave, but in the morning I'll return,  
And if I can regain my wonted calm,  
I'll bless thee as the hemlock soothes thee hence.

(Exit Amphiaraus.)

Lycaon—Kind old philosopher, his grief for me,  
Now quite denies the too defiant creed  
That would make man superior to woe.

(Enter Deucalion and Pyrrha, parents of Clio, and  
Alcmene, mother of Lycaon.)

Lycaon—Ah, my fond mother and my love's dear kin,  
Ye are too gentle for these surly walls.

Alcmene—O my dear son, whom kindly gods have  
saved,

By man alone art thou this day condemned,  
Or if, among immortals, any urge  
This most detestable, malign decree,  
Tis but that icy goddess who hath dared  
To villify the holy name of mother.  
O Juno, thou maternal queen of heaven,  
Let not the foes of nature do this wrong  
To my religiously begotten son!

Deucalion—Vesta is of the lofty hierarchy,  
And hath her holy and allotted place.  
We must respect her, or incur high wrath.

Alcmene—The place of Vesta is on some gaunt hill  
Too cold for blessed sympathy to climb.

(Pyrrha, to Deucalion.)

Now do not argue with such moving grief!

Alcmene—O, often mothers who have willful sons  
Are veiled with tears when they behold them die.

How then feel I, who view my noble one,  
Waiting, like honor's image, to be slain?

O, more do I my single loss deplore  
Than Niobe, when she for many mourned,  
O distant heaven! O unfeeling earth!  
Unfold, ye skies, and send a beam to save.

Lycaon—Beloved mother, conquer thou thy grief:—  
Remember that I but approach repose.

Pyrrha—Clio, who also loves, will likewise weep.  
It was regret for thy reported death  
That led her to reject the pleasant world.

Lycaon—The common lot of mortals is too gray  
For such bright love as ours to prosper long.  
The earth hath claimed its tribute, and we pay  
For rosy bliss with death and banishment.

(Enter Glaucus.)

Glaucus—Dear citizens of grief, I bow to all!

Lycaon—Welcome, true friend, and loyal orator!

Deucalion—Ah, Glaucus, sorrow makes our greeting  
brief!

Alcmene—I know, sir, of thy efforts for my son.  
Would that I too might have defended him.  
Then should a tongue of fire have been heard!

Glaucus—Well might thy eloquence have pierced the  
clouds,

And moved the gods on their exalted seats!

Alcmene—Yea, for such wrongs possess a mighty  
voice,

And cry for reparation to the skies!

Glaucus—Now pardon me so boorish a request,  
But I would have Lycaon's ear alone.

'Tis hard that I should drive his dearest hence,  
But I am secret through necessity.

Alcmene—We will withdraw, and be assured we  
know

That thy intentions never can be rude.

(Exit three.)

Lycaon—Speak, Glaucus, and uncover mystery.



Glaucus—Lycaon, justice is not wholly dead,  
However it may be by law denied,  
For still in many honest hearts it lives.  
Hast thou a spirit equal to escape,  
If circumstance should offer thee such grace?

Lycaon—When love is lost, why should I wish to  
live?

But ha! Speak on, I might consider this,  
Though I mark stout prevention in these walls,  
And the well armed and ever watchful guards.

Glaucus—Guards are but human, and they some-  
times sleep,

And we might close their eyes with certain drops  
That are shrewd enemies of vigilance.

Lycaon—Ah, thou wouldst drug these warders of my  
life.

Glaucus—Not I myself, but one who here is strong,  
Will see that in the cup they drain to-night  
There shall be mixed a sly narcotic gill,  
That can all orbs of observation seal.

Lycaon—What art hath conjured up this stout ally?  
I knew not that I had here such a friend.

Glaucus—I cast upon my man an ancient spell,  
And purchased sordid but efficient aid  
With dazzling gold, which is the great corrupter,  
Though many of its uses are benign.

Both of its aspects here are visible,  
For that which bribed hath also bought release.

He whom I moved will visit thee to-night

When all the guards conveniently nod.

Take thou advantage of that friendly time,  
And with the cloak of night to hide thee—fly!

There is a cave among the lesser hills  
Which we discovered in our early days.

None know of its existance save ourselves,  
And thou canst therefore rest within it safe.

It shall be stored abundantly with fare,

And there, through angry days, thou canst remain,  
Despite keen search, and murderous pursuit.

Then on the crest of opportunity,

Leave thou thy secret chamber in the earth,  
And bid a long farewell to Attica.

Lycaon—Here is a careful and persuasive plan,

And I accept, rejoicing in my friend.

Glaucus—Take with thee gold, for it can purchase speed.

(Gives money to Lycaon.)

Lycaon—Thou liberator, I am in thy debt  
For more, indeed, than any sordid sum.

Glaucus—I do but give what honest friendship owes.

Lycaon—Thy friendship is as staunch as Clio's love.  
But there is peril to thyself in this,  
For it is dangerous to be so kind,  
And I am selfish to involve thee thus  
In my unhappy fortunes.

Glaucus—I will appear to-night in public places,  
And rout suspicion with an alibi.

I risk but little to accomplish much,  
And claim this hazzard as my sacred right.  
E'en by our mutual and long regard,  
I urge thee to compliance, yea, insist.

Lycaon—An impulse almost mad impells me on,  
And shapes a course that reason might condemn.  
O, if some terror follow this attempt,  
May the affliction be confined to me.

Glaucus—Give me thy hand, for I have need to go.  
I trust that we shall blithely meet again,  
And in far brighter courts repeat this clasp.

(Exit Glaucus.)

Lycaon—Now my affection conquors me once more;  
And even as it led me to defy  
In sight of all the rigid vestal ban,  
So now it prompts a more concealed attempt  
To gratify the dominating heart.  
Hence, all ye thoughts that prate of cool control!  
Impassioned feeling shall command me now,  
And calculation shall be overthrown.  
Venus and Cupid, guard me now and guide!  
Love flourishes where liberty is found,  
And swift, when free, will I to Clio fly.

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Scene II.—Riverside by night. Violent tempest raging.

(Enter boatman.)

Where is my boat? By Boreas, the waves

Have snapped the rope, and carried all away!  
Now here indeed is a most biting loss.  
Restore my property, thou theiving storm!  
Why should rich nature rob so poor a man?  
Gods! I should be content to keep my life!  
The waters are so ruinous and wild  
That Neptune might be thought to rule the stream.  
And over all the ever blazing skies  
Rain down malicious lightning.

(Enter soldiers.)

Captain—Ha, who art thou? speak quick, and answer clear.

Boatman—I am a boatman, sir, without a boat.

Captain—No riddles, churl. Explain thy presence here,

And tell what thou mayst know of that Lycaon  
Whose outlawed life we seek.

Boatman—I know not any man of such a name.  
I hurried here to save my little craft,  
But only found it gone.

Captain—Bear him along, we'll seize on every man  
Who prowls on these suspected shores to-night.

(Enter single soldier.)

Captain—How now, Alaster, 'twas thy part to cross  
The lower bridge, and on the western bank  
Seek for the knave the gods would have us catch.

Alaster—The bridge was swept away. Three com-  
rads crossed,

But two were on the structure when it snapped,  
And both, I deem, were drowned.

Captain—Their blood be on the fugitive's cursed  
head.

Whoever finds him, let him hate delay,  
And sink a sword in his blaspheming heart.  
Come, let us march, and as we move still watch.

(Exit all.)

(Enter Amphiaraus.)

Amphiaraus—Some awful and unearthly influence  
Impels me thus to darkly promenade,  
And face the wrath of this outrageous night.  
Lycaon's doom, stirring me deep within,  
Offsets the conflict of the winds without,

And makes the tempest welcome. I am racked  
With intimations of impending doom,  
And I must greatly for the captive fear.  
Some terror worse than his allotted death  
Is by the times foretold;—for nature's moods  
Are oft of mystic import unto man.  
Calamity seems also nigh myself.  
Well might that be, when thus the elements  
With howling war my wintry head surround.  
No man is safe who is not proof to lightning,  
And who shall dare to strut through such a storm?  
Who can remain erect before such rage,  
Unmindful of his mortal vanity?  
Beneath these lurid skies let all flesh bow.  
For lo, destruction dominates the scene!  
Creation shudders, and a murky wind  
Threatens the world. The clouds in combat clash,  
While baleful shafts of horrible blue flame  
Out-glare the eyes of Gorgon. Thunder reigns,  
And all the pillars of existence shake  
As through the night the dread concussions roll.  
Now, mounted on the devastating blast,  
The snake-crowned furies ride; while Hecate  
With curses rips the air. O, 'tis a night  
To make us think that nature rails at law,  
And that our ancient mother hath gone mad  
Beholding the insanity of man.  
What soul is this that comes athwart the storm?  
Who is it hastes through such a night alone?  
Lycaon's form, or shall I say—his shade!

(Enter Lycaon.)

Spirit or man, stay thy weird steps, and hold!  
Lycaon—O pitifully found philosopher!  
What hast thou done with thy tranquility?  
What urges unadventurous old age  
To madly cope with thunder-laden clouds?  
Amphiaraus—What worth hath reason now? reality  
Was never so improbable as this.  
What magic hath projected thee through stone?  
Lycaon—I found a door in my forbidding cell,  
And so escaped its thick confining walls.  
Amphiaraus—There must have been connivance from  
within.

Lycaon—Ah, let there still be mystery in that.  
Enough that I am free, and so alive,  
That yonder water, though with fury white,  
Shall not deter me from a stout attempt  
To plant my heel upon the other side.

Amphiaraus—How! Tempt the stream when thus it  
rages high?

Gods! Wouldst thou follow still the fatal maid,  
And twice provoke a once encountered curse?  
Right opposite the Vestal's temple stands:—  
Is that thy destination, thou mad boy?

Lycaon—Yea, that it is, for by love's blissful fire  
All that would balk the heart shall be defied.  
Yon gloomy shore is garnished by a maid  
Who foils the darkness with effulgent grace,  
And more delectable than any star,  
Transfigures night and cheers the sombre air.  
For her, though time and tide protest, I seek,  
And feel, as thus I tread my burning way,  
The ardor that sustains the eagle's wing  
When he victoriously cleaves the air.

Amphiaraus—O, here is folly, here is final woe!  
I tell thee, noble fool, that on thy course  
Horror rides crowned. The heavens now devise  
Death for thyself, and for thy dearest—death!  
The stars, that menace most when they are hid,  
Oppose thee from their altitudes unseen.  
See how the skies their fatal bolts hail down,  
And here below, mark the aquatic rage  
That rouses up thy sinews to deride.  
Oh! Yield to force no titan could withstand,  
And let the fear of such prodigious wrath  
Thy reckless steps restrain.

Lycaon—Though terror may pervade both height and  
depth,

Yet shall my love be to the lightning shown.  
By Jove's proud nod, I swim with hardy stroke,  
And war against the waters will I wage,  
Though these ambitious waves outsoar the hills,  
And higher than erect Parnassus rise.  
Now, now, farewell! Noble art thou, I know,  
And generous, indeed, is thy concern,  
But that which thrills my breast escapes thy sway.

Restraining reason to the ground I cast,  
And give to feeling and affection all.  
Now in the mighty name of love I plunge  
Unto the arms of Clio or of death!

(Dives in water.)

(Enter soldiers.)

Captain—There swims the man we seek! I saw him  
stand

Full in revealing lightning ere he dived.

1st soldier—The raging torrent will forestall our  
swords,

And foaming death will soon vile food devour.

Captain—His power as a swimmer is renowned:

But by vast Neptune, I, too, have an arm,

And shall not tamely suffer his escape.

Secure that impious philosopher.

He evidently is concerned in this.

I'll shed my armor, but I'll keep my sword,

For yon dark chief is stronger e'en than I.

1st soldier—Do not attempt a feat so desperate.

Captain—I will, for this man is the foe of heaven,

And I will chase him in the name of Jove.

1st soldier—Farewell, then, for thou art too brave to  
live.

Captain—Assist me, gods, or if I perish now,

Forget not, as ye estimate my soul,

That I did in thy service dare and die.

(Dives into river.)

1st soldier, to Amphiaras—Thou smirched com-  
panion of a monstrous man,

If our most honorable captain sinks,

Think not that logic shall preserve thee long.

Amphiaras—May fortune now for good Lycaon  
fight,

E'en though your swords be therefore sheathed in  
me.

1st soldier—Ha! Darest thou thus openly commend  
This bold defier of most sacred law?

For that look well to thy pretentious life.

Not with our tongues, but with our swords, we teach,

And thou, whose tribe produces nought but talk,

Art soon to feel the vanity of words.

2nd soldier—See, all the water is illumined now,  
And both the swimmers are quite visible.  
Jove! Our grand captain throws abroad his arms,  
Apparently in uttermost distress,  
While damned Lycaon, though he be a fiend,  
Drives through the torrent that around him roars  
As though he were a god.

Amphiaraus—O gallant boy, formed both for love and  
war!

1st soldier—Religion's sword thirsts for philosophy.  
Thou vain preceptor, whose inflated brain  
Would flaunt its wide vacuity at heaven:—  
Denying deity, and shouting—me!  
Thou chief offender of a hated tribe,  
That is a scorned excrescence on the state;—  
Tremble before this true blade's eager point.

2nd soldier—The surge is carrying our leader back.  
I doubt much if he lives.

3rd soldier—Redeem him from the water, help, be  
quick!

2nd soldier—The waves have beaten out his noble  
life.

1st soldier—Then shall my bloody promise well be  
kept.

Vile and detestable philosopher;—  
Now carry thy enlightenment below!  
Publish in Tartarus thy lofty texts,  
And reason with grim Pluto in the pit.

(Kills Amphiaraus.)

So prosper all who argue with the gods.

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Act. V.

Scene I.—Exterior of Vesta's temple outside  
Athens. Storm still raging. Clio at window alone.  
Clio—Strife is great nature's fundamental note,  
And here contention culminates to-night.  
Behold, the heavens concentrate their ire,  
And all that greets perception gives some sign  
To humble man, and magnify the gods.  
O, happily the just skies thus reprove  
The edict that ordained Lycaon's death.

But how can he escape the awful law?  
Elysium will soon receive my love,  
And I, well pleased with death, would follow him,  
And find, beyond the marge of carnal care,  
The isles of dawn, where souls no more complain,  
And where the heavens neither weep nor chide.  
But all around me here arises dread,  
And nought but wrath can I this night discern.  
O, terror most augmented fills my breast.  
Thus felt I for an instant on that morn  
when irony proclaimed me queen of spring.  
Then as I walked upon the fragrant lea,  
I met a passionless philosopher:—  
His eye searched mine, and all my being chilled  
With momentary death. All flowers then  
Seemed utterly to fade. I freeze once more,  
And feel a pang less brief. O night! What form is  
that?

(Ghost of Amphiaraus rises.)

He that so shook me once appears again.  
Divinity, slay me or banish this!  
Blood bright as fire burns upon his breast,  
And witnesses that he belongs to death.  
He stares at me, not as a mortal looks,  
But like a kindly shade compelled to curse;  
And blights my soul with a congealing gaze:—  
Not angry, and yet awful.  
Appalling shape,  
What dread inhabitant of night art thou?  
Why dost thou violate the laws of death,  
And with a look of seeming pity, blast?  
Ghost—The wise expect the worst!

(Ghost disappears.)

Clio—The ghost hath gone! Vesta, defend thy maid!  
O gods! Another form now rises up,  
And springs out of the waves.

Lycaon!

Is it a god, or ghost, or he that comes?

Lycaon—Ah, doubt not, sweetest lure, but that I live!  
Through stone, and storm, and stream unscathed  
came I,—

Uplifted by the energy of love.

Now as the guerdon of my constancy,



Give me the kiss that can repay all toil.

Clio—O lips so loved, how can I bid you back?  
Yet so my vow, with truths insistence, wills.  
The path that I have taken knows no turn.  
Love, in a lofty temple once renounced,  
Can never in this gray world be renewed.  
Leave me, Lycaon! Leave, although I die!

Lycaon—What! Have I wrestled with a hundred  
waves,

With ardor that defied the laws of flesh,  
To be rebuked by one I battled for,  
And have my faith rewarded with repulse?

Clio—O do not chide, but only pity me!  
How I am torn, as I deny thy love,  
The lightning were not sharp enough to tell.  
O, why did thunder sleep when I was born,  
And let a child so formed for anguish, live?

Lycaon—Clio, allied in love and woe are we.  
Forgive mine anger:—the vindictive waves  
Have buffeted my body, and my tongue  
Spoke bitter words to my heart's blameless love  
Unreasoning I came, but I will go,  
By thee, in all thy white array, controlled;  
And thou canst cherish still the vestal flame,  
Remote from exiled love's far banished fire.

Clio—Would that we here might die, and after death  
Abide together in some cheerful place:  
But now, nought but farewell.

Lycaon—And must I leave without a last caress?

Clio—'Tis sad, but so, for much I wrong my vow  
When I but speak with thee.

Lycaon—Goodbye to all but storm!

Clio—Goodbye till death!

Gods! Gods! Gods!

My life is forfeit, for the fire is out!  
Interred while living! O, entombed alive!  
Such, such, is the appalling penalty.

Lycaon—But that, by mercy's throne, shall not be  
paid!

Clio—Grief follows grief! Can time contain yet  
more?

Lycaon—Thou shalt not stay, and face such monstrous fate.

No word or wish shall drive me from thee now.  
Come! Come! Thou shalt not glut the demons here.

(Lycaon half drags Clio through window.)

Clio—O, 'tis a shameful and a hopeless flight,  
For vain is mortal speed when gods pursue.

Lycaon—If grace and virtue dominate on high,  
Such power will not smite, but succor thee.  
But reason now no more! Haste, and fly hence,  
For night is nowhere else so black as here.

(Exit both.)

(Priestess appears at window.)

Priestess—The fire is out, and the false maid is gone.  
Let beauty henceforth but awake suspicion,  
For who can trust a shining aspect now.

A shape of dawn may hide a heart of night,  
And darkest crime may wear a brilliant cloak,  
But awful Nemesis is mighty still.

Avenge, ye heavens, your derided law,  
And Tartarus, gape for thy native child!

(Enter Capaneus and two other soldiers.)

Capaneus—Priestess supreme, evoke celestial aid.  
Lycaon, lately sentenced, hath escaped,  
And made a mockery of prison bars.

Priestess—Clio, the maid he loved, hath also fled.  
O horrible collusion! Double shame!

Capaneus—How nigh unto insanity is guilt.  
Think of soft beauty daring this wild night.

Priestess—Ha! In the pit she may appear less fair.

Capaneus—How came he hither through this vicious  
storm?

The miserable bridge on which we crossed  
The most rebellious and ferocious flood,  
Was even as we left it made the toy  
Of wild rapacious waves.

Soldier—Behold these footprints leading from the  
stream.

I trow the villian crossed the river here,  
In spite of its insatiable rage.

Capaneus—He is an athlete of surprising power,  
But I can scarce conceive a feat like this.

But come, time calls, and those we seek fly far.  
Let us then waive conjecture, and pursue.  
Priestess, our swords, in pious fury drawn,  
Will seek to execute white Vesta's will.

(Exit soldiers.)

Priestess—O sacrilege, I knew thee not till now,  
Nor did I deem that ever heaven's face  
Would be so wantonly provoked to frown.  
Hear, all ye gods who ever punished wrong:—  
Unite your lofty wrath, and grant my prayer.  
Be never dawn's illumination shed  
On these who now in guilt through darkness fly,  
But let the furies clutch their souls to-night,  
And tug them down to hell.

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Scene II.—Rocks and hills, storm still raging.

(Enter three soldiers.)

Capaneus—What excreable shadow from below  
Still hides from vengeance this polluted pair.  
Whom heaven with a thousand arrows seeks?  
Great lord of lightning, teach these foes thy fear!  
Either confound them with thy flaming arm,  
Or give them to our consecrated swords.

Soldier—My sinews grow rebellious as we hunt.  
The body is the main part of a man,  
And no proud will can disregard it long.  
The night personifies hostility,  
And these fierce skies do scarce discriminate  
In favor of our most religious selves.  
The paths we tread are steep, and strewn with stone.  
Earth trips our feet,  
And when we look above with fearful eyes,  
The lightning is more visible than Jove.  
By Bacchus, I must rest! O, for a flask!  
No spur can equal that.

Capaneus—"Tis meet indeed to think of Baccus thus,  
When all existence thunders against wrong.  
Heed not the council of discomfort now.  
Forward, and still pursue the forfeit prey!  
Jove's shafts, or our ripe steel, will find them yet.

(Exit soldiers.)

(Enter Clio and Lycaon.)

Clio—Final exhaustion here must end my flight.

Urge me no more, for all my strength is spent.

Lycaon—The cave that is our hope is now not far,  
And I should lift thee up, and bear thee on,  
But my long conflict with the savage waves  
Hath woefully diminished trusted strength,  
And I have nothing left to lend to thee.

O, what unpardonable villainy  
To lure so fair a love to such a flight.  
Thou in thy temple wert a dove enshrined,  
Till I, like a dark hawk, intruded there.  
O, how remorsefully I view thee now!  
A lamb encountering what lions fear,  
And led to such calamity by me.

Clio—Thy self reproach but aggravates my pain,  
For still my heart reflects the grief of thine;  
And still I bless thee, and do never blame.  
Tender art thou, and though we perish here,  
With fortunes leveled lower than the sea,  
Yet love hath been the architect of all,  
And thy sole fault was to be overfond.

Lycaon—By love hast thou been to destruction led:—  
Yea, love hath more afflicted thee than hate,  
And I, that came by night, brought with me death.

Clio—Sweet Chief, I fear not dying in thine arms,  
And so, I deem, I am ordained to pass.  
A new intensity pervades the storm:—  
The lightning never was so fierce as now,  
And all the vivid bolts seem aimed at me.  
Lycaon!

(Clio is struck by lightning; both fall. Lycaon slowly rises.)

Lycaon—Confusion triumphs! What remains to  
trust?

Where now is the blest privilege of sight?  
Lo! Lo! Once more I see, yet but behold  
That which affection raves to see revealed.  
O silent lilly, wake again, and rise!  
Loveliest martyr, is this stillness sleep,  
Or motionless extinction? Art thou dead,  
Or only wrapt in soft restoring rest?  
My persecuted love, commune with me.  
Thou in whom all bright attributes combine:—  
Dove! Blossom! Star! O, all surpassing pearl!  
Speak to a lover who imploring kneels!  
Ah, where is now thy voice, O sweetest shell?

Daughter of Flora, paragon of flowers,  
If thou art dead, then hath day's symbol died.  
Woe! Woe! Her brow is with the lightning scarred,  
And on the whitest tablet of the world  
Red vengeance hath been writ.  
O, thou proud thunder, that hath wrought this doom,  
Shall I not teach the tempest how to rage  
As I inveigh against this scarlet wrong.  
Avaunt, thou murderous, thou wicked fire!  
How art thou shamed by innocence thus slain!  
O hate, how art thou suffered to prevail!  
O earth, what hell is in thy bosom hid!  
Volcanic sphere, be ashes all thy fame,  
And be thou by internal fires consumed:—  
For why should destiny withhold from doom  
A crust so pierced by craters? Let all pass  
In one supreme eruption! Vanish life,  
For everything is turbulent but death.  
Ye elements, too tamely do ye rage:—  
Let your wild wrath all terra firma rend!  
Exhalt the seas, and make the mountains bow!  
Cast down the skies, and lift up Pluto's lair!  
Though thus conjoined your fury ye proclaim,  
Ye cannot bitterly enough declare  
The elemental misery of man.  
Thou lightning, let me not survive my love!  
Burn blue again, ye tyranizing skies,  
And launch at me inexorable thunder.  
Here, where the amiable dove lies dead,  
Do I thy javelins utterly defy,  
And pray the emanations of thy wrath  
To seek me, and consume.

(Lycaon is struck by lightning.)

(Enter soldiers.)

Capaneus—Behold at last the evil souls we seek!  
Out, pious swords, and find your proper sheaths!  
But hold, earth's anger cannot reach the dead,  
And here rest two whom steel can no more stab.  
See on their comely brows the lightning's sign:—  
The seal of their deep guilt and Jove's great wrath.  
No vengeful blade need supplement that stroke.  
The heavens have like hunters done their work:—  
Here lies the awful quarry of the gods.

The End.

# THE MARTYRED MAID

(Joan of Arc)

A Dramatic Poem.

Person Represented.

Joan of Arc.

Jacques, her father.

Isabel, her mother.

Laxhart, her uncle.

Pierre—Jean, her brothers.

Count of Vendome, a French knight.

Charles VII, King of France.

Queen Yolande of Anjou, King's mother in law.

Le Tremoille, King's favorite.

Archbishop of Rheims, Chancellor of France.

Flavy, Governor of Compiègne.

Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais.

Lord Talbot, an English General.

Warwick—Stafford, English Earls.

Duke—Duchess, of Alençon.

John of Luxembourg, Burgundian Captain.

Duke of Burgundy.

Archangel Michael.

St. Margeret.

St. Catherine.

Lieutenants, soldiers, priests, judges, guards,  
maurauers, populace, etc.

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## Act I.

Scene I.—Two witches in a dark wood bending over  
drinking vessels, around which fire plays.

1st Witch—Breathe on France another curse.

Mock her wounds, and make them worse.

Multiply her misery

Till her name shall cease to be.

Heat a dark elixir here

For her sons to drink in fear.

Brew the liquor, weave the spell,

Mix a draught of juices fell.  
Add sharp acids that have power  
To turn all affection sour.  
Stir the gall and venom up.  
Pour hot blood in every cup.  
Ruddy drops, distilled in woe;—  
Wine that only war can show.  
Merrily can vultures sup  
When such fluids near them flow.  
This can lift the darkness up.  
This can make the light sink low.  
Witches together—  
Scarlet! Scarlet! Scarlet all!  
France, divided France, must fall.

(They dance.)

2nd Witch—Let the semblance of a sword,  
Rise, and make the day abhored.

(Sword rises from flames.)

Awful blade, thy harvest reap:  
Mow, till all the world shall weep.  
Make the wicked seed thy care:  
Only evil branches spare.  
Cut the righteous to the ground:  
Let no worthy head be crowned.  
Thrust the lowly in the mire:  
Lift the haughty spirit higher.  
Call all deeds of mercy weak:  
Cast derision on the meek.  
Lessen love, and strengthen hate:  
Make truth small, and falsehood great.  
Keep thy covenant with death:  
Dissipate all noble breath.  
Guided by strong Satan's hand,  
Smite and slay, thou reeking brand.

Together—

Scarlet! Scarlet! Scarlet all!  
France, divided France, must fall.

(They dance.)

(Enter Goblin.)

Goblin—Nay, sweet hags, too soon ye dance;  
Faith appears again in France;  
And a maid shall lead her men:—  
Hell is cheated thus again.

By the brightness of her brow  
She will make bold soldiers bow.  
I have seen this holy sign  
On a lowly peasant shine.  
See, she comes, diffusing light!  
Fly, for virtue gives her might.

(Exit all.)

(Scene brightens, Joan enters.)

Joan—O, what a yoke is pressing upon France!  
How like a vassal hath she now become.  
She bows her head to tyranny abhorred,  
And bears within her bosom all the shame,  
And all the woe, of unsuccessful war.  
Her shattered gates cannot shut out the sword,  
Nor hath she in her soldiers a strong shield  
That can her hateful enemies repel.  
At every door the fierce invader knocks,  
Seeking for creatures to afflict or slay.  
Maurauders gather up the herds and flocks,  
And fire, leagued with famine, sweeps the grain.  
Bare is the tree, and barren is the vine,  
And food is for the conquerors alone.  
Who will a foil for devastation find?  
Who will with valor fortify our walls,  
Renew the courage that makes nations great,  
And say to the despoiling foe—depart?  
This task, true voices tell me, must be mine:  
Angels ineffable have cried to me—  
Thou canst make peace by going forth to war!  
Go, for thou canst the blighted vines restore!  
And lo! again the bright winged saints appear.

(St. Catherine and St. Margeret appear.)

Saints—

Daughter of peasants, magnify the King!  
Strengthen his hands, that now but feebly cling.  
Thou who are lowly must uplift the great,  
And on thy faith depends the nation's fate.  
Be firm and confident, be strong and brave:  
Thou hast in thee the virtue that can save.  
Thou shalt be mightier than any man:—  
Get thee a sword, and wield it in the van.

Joan—Oh ye who to my soul this summons bring,  
Address to sterner flesh your martial call.



Are there no men in this afflicted land,  
That such must be the mission of a maid?  
How can I leave my anxious father's house  
To mingle with rough soldiers in a camp?  
Release me, heaven, from this destiny,  
And choose a warrior more strong than I.

Angels—

Faith can defend the weak:

Faith can defy the strong.

They that descend to speak

Never have spoken wrong.

Follow the light, and go.

Guardian love will save.

France hath a mighty foe,

But thou canst make her brave.

Joan, thou art called to lead

Those who are faintly led.

France must through thee be freed:

France must through thee be fed.

Joan—Unshadowed spirits, tell me not to stay  
Where man must always with dark powers strive.

Come ye and softly liberate my soul:

Free it from this contaminating clay,

With which it must forever be at war,

And clothe it with a substance more divine.

Oh! give to me your heritage of rest!

Lighten my countenance with joy like yours,

And on the pinions of felicity,

Bear me unto the kingdom of repose.

Angels—

The higher glory must be won

By sacrifice and pain.

When that which earth demands is done,—

Then heaven will remain.

(Enter Archangel Michael.)

Joan—Exhorted sanctifier of the sword,  
Hast thou a militant command for me?

Michael—

Joan, thou art called the first fruits of Lorraine.

Joan, thou canst save a King, and win a crown.

France can through thee authority regain,

And pluck the crest of the oppressor down.

Joan—The spirit's rapture, and the body's fear,  
Contend in me, and lead I know not where.

Michael—

A sword is hidden in the wayside shrine  
That angels will make visible to thee.  
Go find it, carry it, and call it thine,  
And it shall point as high as victory.

Joan—I trust thy voice, and I will seek the sword,  
And bear it for the glory of the Lord.

Michael—

There, too, a noble banner thou shalt see,  
With holy words embroidered on its folds.  
Oh! lifted shall the gates now fallen be  
When France that oriflamme of faith beholds.

Joan—I go in quest of both at thy command:—  
Aid my dull eyes, and guide my groping hand.

(Angels disappear. Exit Joan.)

(Enter three Maurauders.)

1st Mau.—We've walked a league, and have not seen  
a skirt.

2nd Mau.—Well, soothe your disappointment with  
some drink;

That can impart more cheer than all the women:  
You grow too keen in your pursuit of them.

1st Mau.—Nay, Jock, I but possess a soldier's heart;  
For he that loves the most will fight the best,  
And drink the deepest; and I am fond of  
Women, wine, and war.

2nd Mau.—You worship then the devil's trinity.

1st Mau.—I'll say I do, and call your verdict praise.  
But where got you this not unworthy wine?

2nd Mau.—I met a frightened peasant bearing this,  
And having great compassion for his fear,  
I quickly ended all his earthly terror  
With one keen thrust of my most gracious sword.  
Behold how well my kindness was repaid,  
And thereby learn how good deeds find reward.

3rd Mau.—This is indeed a very gentle world,  
And every man does much to make it so:—  
I'll face it full of liquor.

(Sings.)

Ho! Robin! Robin! Fill your flask, and drink till it  
is dry;  
For when a knave is drinking he forgets that he  
must die.

Here's to ourselves, and to mauraunders all!

(Drinks.)

2nd Mau.—'Tis good to be a free companion now:  
Here in this subjugated land of France,  
We live like hawks who fatten upon chickens.  
The peasants crush the grapes, but we drink the  
wine.

They till the fields, but we like owners strip them.  
Theirs is the toil, but ours is all the gain,  
And while they burrow in the earth for fear,  
We sit upon the hilltops and carouse.

1st Mau.—Let us then go and seek such revelry;  
There's nothing but dull nature where we are:  
I find no pleasure in these verdant places.  
This spot may satisfy the harmless birds,  
Or have a charm for those who fancy flowers,  
But there is little meat in it for men:  
For here there are neither lasses to love,  
Nor men to slay, nor homes to plunder.  
Bah! Let us go hence.

(Exit Mauraunders.)

(Enter Joans Uncle Laxhart.)

Laxhart—Where, where is Joan? God! save her from  
those men.

Keep those vile soldiers far from such a maid.  
Oh! that such wanton beasts should have the power  
To threaten thus the pure! Madly I cry,  
If powers high cannot protect her now,  
I'll ne'er raise thankful eyes to Heaven again.  
This is the place where she was wont to pray,  
Bowing her blameless head in supplication  
For devastated France. I'll call her name:—  
Joan! Joan! alas! the still wood answers not.  
All paths are silent,—she cannot be near.  
I must search on, and seeking I will pray  
That God may keep her where no wrong may find.

(Exit Laxhart.)

(Enter Witches; scene darkens.)

1st Witch—Raise a flame to overthrow  
Joan of Arc, our saintly foe.

Witches together—

Rise! Rise! fatefully rise!

Terrible element, threaten the skies!

(Fire rises.)

Fearful and prophetic fire,  
Give to us our dread desire.  
Turn from white to wicked red,  
That our vengeance may be fed.  
If thy color doth not change,  
Thou wilt dark plots disarrange.

2nd Witch—

Still the light is clear and pale,  
And she triumphs, while we fail.

1st Witch—

This fortells but half a year,  
Hope that darker days are near.  
See! her triumph will not last,  
For the tint is changing fast.  
Now it turns to bitter blue:—  
Here's a day that she shall rue.  
Look! the hue is purple now:—  
In a cell I see her bow.  
Ha! at last behold the red:—  
She shall to the stake be led.

Witches together—

Scarlet! Scarlet! Scarlet all!  
May her fate all saints appall.

1st Witch—Would we might also after death prevail,  
But therein hell's united powers fail.

2nd Witch—How know'st thou that her soul shall  
rise so high?

1st Witch—The fire, even while predicting pain,  
Proclaimed her pure, and made salvation plain.  
There shall be gain in her apparent loss:  
She shall be carried upward on her cross.  
Hers is the higher, purifying woe,  
That hath no fellowship with ours below.  
To her the grave shall be a gate to light,  
And we can never pass beyond to blight.  
Her name in earth and Heaven shall be great:—

Oh! such is the futility of hate.

(Enter Goblin.)

Goblin—Fly, for the virgin comes!

(Exit all.)

(Enter Joan; angels also appear.)

Joan—Behold! I bring the sacred sword and banner,  
And stand prepared, according to your call,  
To urge the nation's steel clad armies on,  
And lead awakened France from out dismay.  
Oh! be with me when I am tried in war,  
And walk beside me, lest my soul be slain.

Angels—

Throughout the bitter fight we will defend;  
The enemy shall not find thee alone:  
But Heaven will assist thee till the end,  
And at the last receive thee as its own.

(Angels disappear.)

(Enter Joan's relatives and villagers—armed with flails, etc.)

Father—Found! found at last! but O, what means  
that sword,  
And the strange banner that you proudly raise?

Joan—These are two gifts that bear the seal of  
Heaven,

And they were given me by whitest hands,  
That I with them might make the English fly,  
And lift the Royal Lillies out of shame.  
Invincible in battle shall they be,  
For angels give them power over man.

Father—You should not pass beyond the eye of home  
In days that are as dangerous as these,  
Nor should you be controlled by voices wild.  
You talk of things to other mortals strange,  
And with your tales of sights to us unseen,  
You fill the anxious heart of love with fear,  
And make your father tremble for his child.

Joan—Thy sorrow is my sorrow, and thy pain  
Must ever wake in me a kindred pang.  
Deem me not cold, and call me not unkind,  
Because I heed the voices that I hear,  
And take a path no other daughter treads.  
For I but walk where angels bid me go.  
I have been chosen to deliver France,

And though I must restore her with my tears,  
I will accept the cross that is assigned.  
I must go to Chinon, and tell the King  
That with my sword I can his Kingdom save;  
And he will heed me, for my voices say,  
That through my victories he shall be crowned.  
Good father, sweetest mother, give consent:—  
Seek not the will of Heaven to prevent.

Father—Deluded girl, some sickness of the mind,  
Or some more dire seizure of the soul,  
Hath made you fancy that your strength is more  
Than ever any maiden's was before.

Uncle—My brother, faith, with her unlifted eyes,  
Can find a star amidst apparent gloom.  
And Joan, with piety to aid her sight,  
May see things marvellous, and yet most true.  
Know, too, that many in the west recall  
A prophecy of Merlin's, that a maid  
Should in the borders of Lorraine arise  
To garnish France, and rid her of her scourge.  
And once I heard a pilgrim at a shrine  
Cry loudly unto Heaven as he kneeled:—  
“A daughter shall command the sons of France!  
A dove shall strive with vultures, and prevail!  
Out of a cottage shall salvation come!  
Hosanna to the virgin of Lorraine!”

Hence we should never scoff at Joan, or rail:  
She hath an eye that seems to mirrow Heaven,  
And oftentimes her face appears too bright  
For dull mortality and earthly day.

I know she would not purposely speak false,  
And what she thinks is true, I, too, believe:  
Therefore I will go with her to the King,  
And guard her as a kinsman and a man.

Joan—Kind uncle, Heaven listens to thy words;  
High angels hear them, and they will record.

Father—My spirit is too broken to oppose,  
For war hath made of me a weary man.  
I know not what to think, but this I know,—  
My dearest child hath added woe to woe.

Joan—Give me thy blessing, and believe it true.  
That though I leave, yet still I deeply love.

Father—Take all the blessing that a father's heart

Can place on a beloved daughter's head.

Joan—And thou, my mother, kiss me while we weep,  
And trust that we shall meet again, and smile.

Ah, let me on thy bosom now repose!

This troubled earth contains no place of rest  
So like to Heaven as a mother's breast.

Mother—Sweet daughter, youth should never know  
fixed grief,

But war hath marred thy early morning years,  
And thy concern for France hath touched thy brain.

Methinks thy visions are as mists of care,  
That rise within a pure but troubled mind:  
But since thou art determined to depart,  
I'll write a prayer for thee upon my heart.

Joan—Thou lov'st me well, and thou wilt yet believe  
That I have not been led by voices vain.  
But thy affection is sufficient now.

(Enter Joan's brother Pierre.)

Pierre—Terror approaches, and all light is lost.  
The three mauraunders whom we lately saw,  
Have called unto their aid a larger band,  
And all together, with ferocious tread,  
Now move upon our village through this wood.  
These are the very blackest dogs of war;—  
Deserters, and deniers of all law:

Villains whose greatest glory is to slay:  
Hounds who would here create another Hell:  
Yet how can we oppose, with steel like ours,  
A score of soldiers, all completely armed.

Joan—I bear an antidote for this despair:  
There is a power that can mountains move,  
And soon this liberating sword of mine  
Shall such sublime efficiency display—  
Here shall the temper of this blade be tried,  
And for the issue let no Christian fear.

Pierre—Hark how like wolves they terrify the air!  
Howling they come to seize upon their prey.

Joan—Now yield to me a place well in the fore.

Pierre—My sister shall not meet such men alone.

Jean—'Tis fit that I should stand beside her, too.

(Enter Mauraunders.)

1st Mau.—Behold how agriculture goes to war  
Relying on the pitchfork and the flail,  
And giving to a maid the only sword.

Joan—Mock not my sword, for it may teach you fear.

1st Mau.—Well, now, by all the arts of Lucifer,  
Your armament is beyond reason strange.  
I've seen the men of France fight much like women,  
But have not seen the women fight like men:  
Why, you were formed for love, and not for war.

Joan—Get hence! before Gods lightning finds you—  
fly.

1st Mau.—Your words are cold, and yet your lips are  
red,  
And therefore mine shall speedily salute them.

Joan—How came such monsters by the forms of  
men?

How can men born of women be so base?

2nd Mau.—She chides too much. I weary of her rail-  
ing.

1st Mau.—Do but endeavor to disarm her, lads:  
She is a foe to kiss, and not to kill.

Angels voices—Joan, angels leave their thrones to  
strengthen thee.

Joan—Abhorrent swine, more to be feared than death,  
Though raging Satan may assist your swords,  
The holy saints, whose voices now I hear,  
Will vanquish you through me.

(Joan disarms several mauraunders.)

1st Mau.—Offended God! Is she a saint from Heaven,  
Or have we roused a sorceress from Hell?

2nd Mau.—I'll tarry not to question, for 'tis sure  
That she hath not enough of earth in her  
To entertain such company as us.

(Exit Mauraunders.)

Joan—Thus is my sword's divinity made plain,  
And thus is proven its supernal power.

My father, dost thou doubt my mission still?

Father—Such doubt would be distrust of mine own  
eyes,

For I this day have seen the grace of heaven  
Through my beloved daughter's acts revealed.



Joan—Then now will I, with thy consent, depart.  
Dear mother, press thy love upon my lips.

(Embraces mother.)

Come, uncle, time is telling us to go.

Pierre—I also would attend thee.

Jean—So, too, would I.

Joan—Good father, wilt thou lend to France thy  
sons?

Father—I can but say that I will not oppose.

Joan—Turn we our faces then toward harsher fields.

Farewell to all who are assembled here:

O sacred home, and loving hearts, good bye!

I go forth to redeem, and then to die.

(Archangel appears.)

Joan—See where the glorious Archangel stands,

With feet that make a footstool of the air,

And hands that point toward battles soon to be.

He calls me, and his great sword waves me on,

While his effulgence dominates the noon.

I'll follow that bright form, and France shall hear

Her hills cry victory when I appear.

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Act. II.

Scene I.—Camp of French troops, Count of Vendome commanding.

Vendome to Lieutenant—Take with you four score  
well appointed men,

And go and help Domremy to repel

The lawless bands that near it now converge.

If we keep not the peasant's fields from fire,

The King himself will shortly lack for food.

Lieutenant—My lord, the town shall promptly be protected.

(Exit Lieutenant.)

Vendome—Ah, little is the value of my life,

Now, when my country is so nigh to death;

For in a world where even victors feel

Autumnal winds, and withering distress,

How nigh unto December must they be

Who cannot call their native land their own.

Had I a refuge in religious faith,  
I'd seek a cloister after France's fall,  
And dream below of things divinely high:  
But though I deem earth dark, in Heaven's light  
I see but vacant glare, and my best hope  
Is in some futile battle soon to die:  
Life's savor left me early in my youth,  
And though not old, my spirit hath grown stale.

(Enter 2nd Lieutenant.)

Lieutenant—My lord, forgive the message I present,  
But there hath come unto our staring troop,  
A peasant girl, who tells us that the saints  
Have sent her to make holy war in France,  
And save the Kingdom, and uplift the King.  
She claims acquaintance with divinity,  
And cries that God directs her unto thee.

Vendome—Decidedly the land requires saving,  
But tell her to save trouble, and go home;  
For I must doubt the power of a girl  
To lift a state that men have failed to raise.

Lieutenant—Her face speaks in her favor, my good  
lord.

Vendome—What, would you soberly consider her?

Lieutenant—Nay, but her countenance hath morn-  
ing's charm:—

'Tis truly one a prince might care to view.

Vendome—O, if she brings us ever welcome beauty,  
I'll see her certainly.

Lieutenant—I will produce her presently, my lord.

(Exit Lieutenant.)

Vendome—Well, while the men are steering France  
so low,

The women not unjustly might demand  
The right to lead their ineffective lords,  
And show them what dear amazons can do:  
But wherefore should this perservering maid  
Come from afar to talk of miracles  
To one as cold and sceptical as I?

I fear there's falibility in this,  
Or doth its mystery make it divine?

'Tis true that I have heard anointed priests  
Whose discourse seemed as meaningless and mad

As the wild talk of this deluded girl.

(Enter Lieutenant, Joan, Uncle, and Brothers.)

Lieutenant—My lord, behold the saint's ambassador!

Vendome (aside)—Lips of virginity, and brows of light!

Had ever peasant such a face before?

Vendome (aloud)—Truely, great chief, thy beauty makes me bow.

Joan—Bow unto God, and do not scoff at me:

I am not come in search of compliment,

But to obtain thy guidance to the King,

Whose threatened crown and scepter I can save.

Vendome (aside)—Rebuked, but I'll remember she is mad.

Vendome (aloud)—Thou lookest like a valiant child of war,

And France hath need of such a hardy hand,

And such a martial presence as thine own:

I greet thee, then, as the bright star of battle.

Hail, frowning captain! conqueror—command!

Joan—Oh! do not mock my mission, for indeed,

By angels and by saints have I been sent,

To make a feast where there is famine now,

And plant a seed in regions desolate

That for the glory of the land shall grow:

And many that have hunger in their hearts,

Shall find refreshment in the cheer I bring,

And bless the triumphs of the sword I bear;

So therefore do thou guide me to the court,

That I may tell my tidings to the King.

Vendome (aside)—There's something more than madness in this maid.

A man might die, or happily might conquer,

For her eye's sake alone; and her clear voice

Sounds with a sweet and yet compelling call

That stirs my spirit as no trumpet can.

Her brows have force, although her face is sweet,

For goodness is the secret of her grace,

And as the weakness of a lovely woman

Brought terrible destruction to old Troy,

So, as the opposite of fatal Helen,

This patriotic bud of virtue here,

Whose beauty is so fortified by faith,  
Might with her zeal revive despairing France,  
And save the realm in spite of reason's sneer.  
But t'would be perilous for her to try  
Her maiden power against brutal steel,  
For if she lost, she'd more than glory loose,  
And life might be the forfeit if she failed.  
Victorious, she'd be proclaimed a saint.  
Defeated, she'd be treated as a witch:—  
Such being the base spirit of the world,  
That loves to break a back already bent,  
And calls success well merited reward,  
And failure but the consequence of fault;  
So I'll dissuade her, for she is too fair  
To risk such wrath, and tempt such ugly fate.

Vendome (aloud)—You do not know what deeds are  
done in war,

Nor realize the ruthlessness of men.  
Your dream is glorious, but truth is grim,  
And you would meet no angels in our camps,  
Where women only go for reasons wrong.  
You are too beautiful for stern ambition,  
Though you might conquer in a softer sphere,  
But from such triumphs as are won at court  
May Heaven save your now unsullied soul.  
With fair intentions, then, I counsel you,  
Seek the locality from whence you came:—  
No place will be as kind to you as home. .

Joan—My voices are from Heaven, and I'd go,  
Should they direct, into the lowest hell.  
As long as I my Lord's commission bear,  
I fear no court, or camp, or citadel,  
That ever yet was occupied by man.  
With angels as my guides, I will advance,  
And thou art called to help me on my way.

Vendome—Maid, though I give thee honor for thy  
faith,

I will not weakly do thee such a wrong  
As to fulfill thy wish.

Joan—Then with my kinsmen I will go alone.

Vendome—Nay, not while I account myself a man,  
For outlaws now abound on every path.  
Stay, I'll consider what 'tis well to do.

(Enter Lieutenant.)

Lieutenant—My lord, the noble Duke or Alencon,  
With the fair lady of his princely house.

(Enter Duke and Duchess.)

Vendome—We cannot worthily receive your grace.  
Our foes have seized what we would give our friends,  
And we have little cheer at our disposal.

Duke—Your kindness is sufficient for our comfort:  
We know we travel in a needy land.

This is my lady, my most honored Duchess,  
Who will be proud to meet so brave a captain,  
And I present thee, Count, unto her grace.

Duchess—I am most happy for this introduction.

Vendome—Thy presence does us honor, noble lady;  
Would we could offer thee a fitting welcome.

Duchess—'Tis favor but to meet so true a soldier,  
And our reception is already noble.

Duke—We journey towards Chinon, to join the  
court,

And lacking a great number of retainers,  
We come to ask thee to assist us thither,  
With three score men to strengthen my command,  
I think we should be safe.

Vendome—All we can spare will certainly be given,  
And since your destination is Chinon,  
Pray tell us your opinion of this Maid,  
Who also asks to be escorted there.

She talks of spirits resident above,  
Who give to her a marvellous commission,  
And bid her tell the King of her high call.

I cannot let her seek the court alone,  
Nor would I help her on so strange a way,  
And yet she is determined to go on,

So I am very doubtful what to do,  
And beg the Duchess to advise me here.  
With your approval, I will have her speak.  
Grave maid, I pray declare thy faith again.

Joan—Out of Lorraine I come with sword and banner,  
Called of the Lord, and guided by his hand,  
To win for our true Dauphin his just throne,  
And to restore to France her ancient fame.  
Believe what I foretell of victory,

For heaven's brightest saint shall be our sun,  
And night, subdued, shall from his glory fly.  
And other angels unto me are known:—  
Saint Catherine attends upon me too,  
While sweet Saint Margeret lends holy aid;  
And Heaven cries—go! go! for thou canst save.

Duchess—Devoted maid, dost thou not greatly dread  
To see the wounds, and hear the cries, of war.

Joan—I have a friend who tells me not to fear.

Uncle Laxhart—Please, noble lady, and most valiant  
lords,

Joan hath already a great wonder done.

Vendome—What, hath thy path been strewn with  
miracles?

Joan—I have done nothing—Heaven hath done all.

But I will tell you what my Uncle means.

When the maurauders to Domremy came,

Intending the destruction of the town,

The great Archangle Michael with his shield

Prevented the advances of our foes,

And made as nought the power of their steel.

Vendome—Would he could chase the English from  
Orleans.

Joan—That will he do, if I may there command.

Duchess—Good Count, we should not turn from such  
a treasure,

Nor carelessly reject so rare a jewel,

Who with fair looks supports her saintly words,

And who by faith might do more noble works

Than any worldly power can perform.

Vendome—I will be governed by your Grace's judg-  
ment,

For such a matter is beyond my own.

Duchess—If she but will, she may walk close to me,

And yield no precedence unto my rank,

For piety confers its own degree.

Duchess to Joan—Dear maid, I beg of thee, be my  
companion,

And lighten our hard journey to Chinon.

Joan—Sweet lady, Heaven's care is surely shown

In that I have encountered thy great kindness,

And I'll go well escorted to the King.

Vendome—I'll lend your Grace the half of my command,

And I myself will lead them. Some I'll leave  
To guard the helpless villagers around  
From the appalling march of the mauraunders.

Duke—This noble help will never be forgotten.

Vendome—I deem it but a privilege to aid,  
And with some zest I go on this adventure.  
Lieutenant, bring us here three hundred men.

Lieutenant—I haste, my lord.

Vendome (aside)—I feel the unaccustomed sap of  
hope

Stirring the sluggish current in my veins.  
I laugh at visions, voices, saints, and signs,  
But this sweet mystic's grace disarms disdain.  
Faith, though mistaken, may, if strongly held,  
Impart a mighty impulse unto action:  
'Tis certain a new spirit of aggression  
Uplifts me in the presence of this girl.

Vendome to Joan—Brave maid, the day that tests thy  
faith draws near.

Joan—My soul rejoices to behold it nigh.  
The King supreme in splendor gives me aid,  
And so assisted, I am not afraid.

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Scene II.—Room in Royal castle at Chinon, King  
Charles and Queen Yolande together.

Queen—What can we do to liberate Orleans?  
All hope will die if that dear city fall.

(Enter Attendant.)

Attendant—Your Majesty, I bring you a dispatch.  
(King reads.)

King—Here is new failure linked to old defeat:  
An English convoy, moving toward Orleans,  
Repulsed completely our best troops attack,  
And brought the foe new sinews for the siege.  
How prompt to comfort me my captains are.  
No raven flies as swiftly as they ride  
To bring to me the latest evil news.  
Each man who hears of battles gone amiss,  
Makes haste to lay the burden upon me;  
As though I were a fount of restoration,

And held a remedy for all disaster.

Queen—A Monarch needs must share his Kingdoms  
grief,

And yours is not a stranger unto woe.

King—The people's fault hath brought them their af-  
fliction.

The army gives me the most vile support:  
The renegades who march with Burgundy,  
Fight with more fury to enslave their land  
Than do our nerveless followers to save it.

Queen—You cannot blame your subjects who retreat,  
When you have never helped them to advance.

King—'Tis overbold in you to so rebuke:—  
Be careful how you criticise the King.

Queen—I would but have you prove your majesty.  
'Tis time to put polite evasion by:

Hear then, the ugly but insistent truth:

I'll speak it plain:—France dies while you are  
dancing!

You and your court pursue elusive pleasure  
Within the very shadow of your doom,  
And laugh, when as the sequel of your mirth  
The slighted Kingdom totters toward its grave:  
But Burgundy and Bedford do not play,  
And if the wrathful Duke his Prince can capture,  
Your revelry may end upon the rack,  
True Dauphin though you be. Awake to war!  
Maintain thy failing scepter with thy sword,  
Or if thou canst not govern like a King,  
At least die like a man.

King—I have enough of royal dignity  
To answer proudly these insulting words:  
And say, that if thou durst again so chide,  
A convent cell shall thy rash tongue confine.

Queen (aside)—He never can be moved except to  
anger:

Words that would rouse his courage go to waste.

(Exit Queen.)

(Enter Attendant.)

Attendant—Your Majesty,  
The Count of Vendome awaits your pleasure.

King—Admit him, for his valor makes him welcome.



(Exit Attendant.)

King—The Queen is right, all confidence is gone.  
The land is lost, because its King is weak;  
But being what I am, why undertake  
The giant task of winning now the war.  
I lack the soul and body for such strife:  
In head, and heart, and hand, I am untrained:  
All that I have to offer is a prayer;—  
Heaven, lend grace! Make peace! Aid France! Save  
me!

(Enter Vendome.)

Vendome—Health and all power to your majesty!  
King—Brave Count, I greet you as a constant Knight,  
Whose loyalty I treasure as I trust.

Vendome—I come to you upon an errand strange,  
That I declare with diffidence and doubt,  
Fearing lest I offend your princely reason;  
But this, my leige, I would communicate:—  
A virgin hath arisen in Lorraine,  
Who claims that by authority divine  
She is empowered to redeem your crown,  
And win the land's salvation with her sword.  
I was prevailed upon to guide her hither,  
And all whom we encountered on the way  
With lifted eyes have well nigh worshiped her.  
The citizens of one enraptured town  
Conferred on her a suit of silver mail,  
That beauty might be radiantly clad:  
And when our soldiers see her so arrayed,  
They dedicate to her their swords, and cheer  
As though she had descended from the sun  
To change to cheerful day our midnight fortunes:  
And, Sire, though her trust be but delusion,  
Being believed, her voice might aid our arms  
More than the works of those accounted wise,  
Whose efforts have like utter folly failed:  
And at the loyal Maid's request I come  
To crave that she herself may meet your highness,  
And make her mission plain unto her King.

King—I have not such great confidence in woman  
As to expect salvation from such source.  
I trust not even the most stately dames.  
No royal crown was ever won by them,

Though kingdoms through their folly have been lost.  
My own experience leads me to say—  
The summit of their power is to scold:  
And Count, I must regretfully confess  
That I am not attracted to this maid.  
Our foes might say she was a sorceress,  
Who served the spirits of the lower world;  
And that would be a shrewd reproach to us  
If we should lightly use her.

Vendome—She looks too bright to be accounted base,  
And many priests have seen her, and declared  
All her professions orthodox and good.  
The churchmen of your court can also judge her:  
I am not urging an unholy haste,  
Whose consequences might distress your highness,  
And I but fear for the brave Maid herself,  
Whose life would be imperiled in a battle.

King—Well, I will yield so far as to receive her.  
I will at once assemble all the court,  
And you have my permission to present  
This Maid of Marvels at my mimic throne.

Vendome—The Maid will much esteem this royal  
favor,  
And gratefully appear.

(Exit Vendome.)

King, to Attendant—Now summon all the court, and  
let your call  
The lords ecclesiastical include.

(Exit Attendant.)

King—Behold, I have so little left to loose,  
That to a shepherdess I turn for gain.  
O iron earth, how bitterly I pay  
For idleness and unproductive ease.  
My overweening love of couches soft  
Hath led me to an adamant bed.  
I learn, alas, that joys intemperate  
Are but the masked confederates of pain;—  
For loose extremes their opposites engender,  
And licence is a guide unto a gaol.  
All gluttony entails gaunt abstinence,  
And light festivity hath wrought my fall.  
Yea, dalliance hath lost my diadem!  
Lost! Lost! Except some saint make intercession,

And from the overarching empyrean,  
Devine deliverance shall hasten down.

(Enter Queen Yolande, Knights, Churchmen, Attendants, etc.)

King—My lords, I have with hesitation granted  
An audience, such as before this day  
Was never asked of a distracted King.  
This gathering is for a peasant maid,  
Who hither comes, telling of revelations  
Which she desires to impart to me.  
She is escorted by a noble soldier,  
Count of Vendome, a knight well proved and tried,  
And for his sake, more than the maiden's own,  
I gave permission that she might appear.

La Tremoille—I marvel that the Count should be so  
captured:

By reputation he should be more cold.  
I have myself heard of this foolish maid,  
And laughed at her imperial pretensions.  
Truly, I think it lowers our fair court  
To have this witless one presented here.

Archbishop of Rheims—It scarcely can enhance our  
dignity.

The world will say our fortunes must be low  
When we for a mere girl's assistance ask.

King—I gave my word that she should be received,  
But I expect to waive her hence with speed.

Duchess of Alencon—Your Majesty, I have beheld the  
Maid,

And I can vouch for her religious ardor,  
And the peculiar sweetness of her soul.

Duke of Alencon—I beg to testify as doth my lady,  
And praise the spirit I have in her seen.

King—We shall have time to test her, and decide  
Whether she brings us dross or metal fine.  
I hear a cheer without, perchance she comes.  
My Lord Laval, sit thou upon the throne.  
Let her make evident her boasted power  
By turning from the false to the true King.

(King mingles with courtiers, Laval takes throne.)

(Enter Joan and Vendome.)

Tremoille to Vendome—My Lord, direct her not unto

the King:

Such is his Majesty's express command.

(Joan approaches throne, then turns and finds the King.)

Joan—Dauphin of France, I come to crown thee King.

King—Maid, you mistake, the throne contains the King.

Joan—Thou art the Dauphin, and I am the deliverer.

King—Why do you so insist that I am he?

Joan—The saints impart discernment to mine eyes,  
And I am wisely guided by their voices.

King—My Lords, this test hath brought her no dis-  
favor,

And she hath clearly won the right to state

More of her holy mission:—tell us now,

What message hast thou for thy troubled King.

I will resume the throne.

(Laval leaves throne; King take it.)

Joan—I bring the blest assurance of the saints,

Whose names in Paradise are written high,

That if thine army will obey my hand,

I will relieve the city of Orleans,

Confound the foe upon an open field,

Take many towns, and finally, at Rheims,

Confer on thee the consumating crown,

That is the circle whereby majesty

Makes incontestable its holy claim

To occupy the lofty throne of France.

For this great task am I by Heaven armed

With a fair weapon, not by sinners made.

Behold, my Prince, what noble steel I bear.

The saints have given me this righteous sword,

With which to make our advasaries quail.

“Deliverer” is graven on its hilt,

And “merciful” is written on its blade,

And highest Michael, chief of legions bright,

And all my shining visitors declare,—

That foreign hands shall here relax their hold,

And France, released, shall halleluiah cry,

Ere this true brand shall be put up again,

Mark, too, the banner the immortals gave,

And honor the inscription that ye see:

“Jhesus Maria” fadeless words and fair:—  
Who would not follow such celestial folds?  
Know ye that no proud star more gladdens night  
Than shall this sacred gift illumine France;  
And it shall over our just battles shine,  
Like as the everlasting name it bears  
Prevails above the sable gulf of death.  
Behold! I raise it high before you all!  
Soldiers who valiantly assemble here,  
If ye fear not to serve it with your swords,  
Draw, and uplift them now.

(All draw except Tremoille and gather around Joan.)

Vendome—Long live the Maid!

All—Long live the Maid!

Tremoille (aside)—Thus folly ever loves to make a  
noise.

King—My noble lords who represent the church,  
High councilors, possessed of orders holy,  
My knights have all made evident their answer  
To this firm daughter’s prayer to guide our arms;  
And to ourselves she breathes a rectitude  
That lends validity to her high claim  
To be a leader sent us by the Lord:  
But more than secular must be her sanction,  
Ere we accept the offer of her sword,  
And therefore would we have the church decide  
As to the state’s acceptance of the Maid.

Archbishop of Rheims—It would be pertinent for us  
to question,

And prove the Maid before we make reply:  
My querries, child, are wholly free from rancor.  
Dost thou affirm that thou hast holy visions,  
And that the air is peopled to thine eyes?

Joan—Yea, I have seen the glory of the saints,  
And I am here because of their command.

Archbishop—Might not these shapes be out of dark-  
ness raised

By man’s continual and cunning foe?  
The devil’s reign is founded on deception,  
And with soft words he often clothes his wiles.

Joan—Felicity makes Heaven’s children fair:

Satan could never simulate such forms,  
Their radiance is visibly divine,  
And all their speech declares their blessedness.

Tremoille (aside)—There's nothing visionary about  
war.

The saints do little work for either side,  
And fortune loves to crown the boldest devil.

Archbishop—If thou canst triumph through exalted  
grace,

Why dost thou not alone approach Orleans,  
And free the city with thy single sword?

Joan—We should not so expect the aid of Heaven.  
God is the giver of all victory,  
But man must strive, or he will not confer.

Archbishop—No Cardinal could have replied more  
well.

Tremoille (aside)—She cannot quell the English with  
her tongue,

Nor with apt words repel their mighty steel.

Archbishop—The blessedly inspired ones of old  
Have sealed their high commission with a sign:—  
What token of thy call hast thou to give?

Joan—The sign I promise you is victory!  
Grant me command, and I will give you that.

Tremoille (aside)—The tongue can always promise  
for the future

More than the hand at present can perform.

Archbishop—Your majesty, her answers have been  
wise,

But I must with my brethren here confer,  
Before I give our ultimate decision.

Tremoille (aside)—This lunacy is surely epidemic:  
The churchmen, too, seemed touched with this in-  
fection,

That hath made knightly blood as weak as whey.

(King leaves throne and approaches Joan.)

King—Maid, without warfare thou hast conquered  
me;

And captured all the spirits of my men.

Joan—Sire, to thee will I reveal a sign  
That must not be to other men disclosed.

In desperation thou didst lately pray—  
Heaven, lend grace! Make peace! Aid France! Save  
me!

King—'Tis true, and that thou shouldst so read my  
soul,

Proclaims a holy clarity of eye,  
That passes the perception of the earth,  
And manifests high intercourse with Heaven.

Joan—The work that I before thee here begin  
Will bring a happy answer to thy prayer;  
And with the tongue of truth I promise thee,  
That though thy power is so shrunken now,  
Charles the triumphant yet shall be thy name.

Archbishop—Your majesty, wilt thou our answer  
hear?

King—Yes, let the church its solemn word declare.

Archbishop—Take, then, complete assurance that we  
all

Perceive abundant virtue in the Maid,  
And think thou wouldst do wrong to turn away  
One who appears so graciously endowed.

Tremoille (aside)—The world will mock at this, the  
court is mad.

Queen—Brave child, who in a day of hopeless fear,  
Hath like an angel come unto our aid,  
Receive this jewelled gift, whereby a queen  
Yields pious homage to a peasant maid.

(Throws gold chain over Joan.)

Joan—I'll wear this favor ever close to me,  
And it shall be a token to recall  
Thy royal kindness throughout cruel war.

King—Blest Maid, thou art accepted here by all.

Tremoille—My liege, I pray make one exception  
there.

When all the nations at this folly jeer,  
Let not the ridicule extend to me.

Vendome—Sir, you might better fear lest men should  
laugh

At the lone statesman who was overwise.

Tremoille—What, hath thy peasant girl bewitched  
thee so

That thou durst cast derisive words at me?  
Vendome—More than mere words will I against thee  
hurl.

(Draws sword.)

King—Peace! peace!

Joan—Brave Count, draw not thy sword on any here;  
Reserve thine anger for a foreign foe,  
For France hath fallen through internal war.  
My King, one word of council ere I go.  
Iniquity hath caused calamity,  
And only righteousness can now restore  
The rich dominions that to thee belong.  
Our careless soldiers must correct their lives  
If they would win the good help of the Lord,  
And this slight hand shall smite with a prompt rod  
The licence long permitted in our camps.  
At my command there shall be altars made,  
And where I march the cross shall also go:  
For victory attends upon devotion.

King—You hold the staff of virtue in your hand,  
And so bring blessed strength unto our cause.

Joan—Leaving thee so convinced, I will depart.  
Farewell, my liege, delay would dull my blade,  
And we must hasten, lest our swords be late,  
And the fair town, ere our arrival, fall.  
Brave followers, for France's sake I call!  
Come, seek with me the city of Orleans,  
And I will show you signs and wonders there  
That shall endure till chivalry shall die.

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### Act III.

Scene I.—Street in Orleans. Joan, Vendome, soldiers, and towns people present.

Joan—Prepare your hearts, and make your weapons  
ready,

For on this day my voices bid me strike,  
Unless our foes our fair proposals heed.  
I send to them a final plea for peace,  
That theirs may be the blame if there be war.  
Good Count, I pray thee, be our gracious clerk,  
And kindly write the words I will dictate.  
Here are materials to suit the purpose.



(Takes writing materials from page.)

Joan—Jhesus Maria!

Brave Duke of Bedford, chief of England's armies,  
And thou, strong Talbot, master over many,  
The perfect Lord, the fountain-head of glory,  
Hath sent his servant to relieve this city,  
And free dear France from long endured disfavor.  
And lo! the Maid, the child by saints directed,  
Sends unto you an admonition holy,  
Bidding you leave the land you are assailing,  
Telling you to restore to their true masters  
All the good towns that suffer from your anger,  
And warning you, that angels great in power,  
Will bring just strength to those you are afflicting,  
And punish you, if you heed not this message.  
We beg you be not willful to your ruin,  
And we address you not in wrath, but pity:  
Not for our own, but only for your welfare,  
We pray that you may well our words construe.  
So speaks to earth the Hierarch of Heaven,  
Through the devout and ever kneeling Maid.

Joan—There ends, my lord, this trial of thy patience,  
And much, indeed, I thank our faithful scribe.

Vendome—You honor those whom you select for  
service.

Joan to Lieutenant—Sir, be our herald; bear this  
swift to Bedford.

By all the principalities of light,  
He will do well not to deride my missive.

(Exit herald.)

(Enter citizens.)

Girl—I pray thee clasp this handkerchief for me.  
My mother is afflicted with a fever,  
And thy outshining grace can others cure.

Joan—Nay, I do not possess such holy power.

Girl—I saw thee raise a child up from the dead,  
And give it strength to live to be baptised.

Joan—I am not so indued with heaven's favor  
That I can work a miracle for thee.

Girl—O do thou touch, and mine will be the trust.

Joan—Well, I will not refuse thy fond desire,  
Though I am not possessed of healing hands.

(Takes handkerchief and returns it.)

Joan—May gentle Mary make thy mother better.

Old man—My bones are racked with pain, Oh! make  
a prayer,

While to thy fair virginity I bow,  
That my tormented limbs may be relieved.

(Kneels to Joan.)

Joan—Ah, poor old man, arise, and cease to kneel!  
Truly, for every sufferer I pray,  
But my petitions have no mystic power.

(Joan raises old man to his feet.)

Old man, to throng—Since she hath touched me I am  
surely better.

Yes, there is saintly virtue in this maid.

Matron—I'll haste to bring to her my crooked boy.

(Many kneel to Joan.)

Joan—O cease, my friends, to offer me such worship:  
It little suits my place before the Lord.

Pray for me, but not to me: I shall need  
The prayers of all who pity mortal anguish,  
Ere two more years shall be.

(Enter Priest.)

Priest—I must protest against this mockery.  
You lead the people to idolatry  
When you prevail upon them thus to kneel.

Joan—Why, I am now persuading them to rise:  
I have said nothing that could lead them wrong.

Vendome—Priest, you might bow to her whom you  
rebuke,

And also prove a charge before you chide.

Those above you approve the holy Maid,  
And she shall bear no slight when I am near.

Joan—Count, the good Father but misunderstood.

(Enter soldier.)

Soldier—The English tear thy letter up in scorn,  
And swear to hang our blameless messenger.

Joan—Swift be their punishment for their reply.  
Under the banner to which night must kneel,  
We'll wrest our threatened herald from their grasp,  
And teach too proud defiance proper fear.  
We will no longer wait behind our walls,

For I came not to hide, or faintly halt,  
But to go forth and break a heavy chain.  
Advance, crusaders! hark to Heaven's call.  
Forward, for souls in glory give the word!  
If ye have horses, prove ye now their speed.  
Sound a bold trumpet high above all fear.  
Knights with good blades, be worthy of your brands.  
Cling to your shields, but better love your swords,  
And while ye guard, be in aggression keen.  
Bowmen and spearmen, make your weapons tell,  
And put your trust in high Jehovah, all.

(Archangel Michael appears.)

The star appears, I see the Prince of war,  
Triumphant Michael, of all angels Lord,  
Who comes, unconquerable, to our aid,  
With victory attending on his wings,  
With power emanating from his brow,  
And holy light prevailing over all.  
Beholding him, I know our help is sure,  
And tell you, by the splendor that I see,  
The angels lead all those who follow me.

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Scene II.—Exterior of Talbot's tent before Orleans.  
Talbot and Lieutenant together.

Talbot—Let the mad hussy's messenger be hung!  
As for herself, she may expect to burn,  
And end her incantations in the fire,  
When the false city that accepts her falls.  
We have not been so threatened and defied  
Since Agincourt's great day. In Heaven's name  
She dares rebuke the soldiers of Saint George,  
Whose banners so provoke the Prince of sin.  
She will indeed be mighty if she breaks  
Through our investing lines of English steel  
With evil invocations. Let her come,  
And learn if magic can true men appall.  
What means the sound that comes from over there?  
I judge that it proceeds from our bastile.

Lieutenant—It hath the cadence of a distant cheer,  
And I can see commotion in our fort.

Talbot—I have not ordered an assault to-day.

Lieutenant—The enemy, I think, make the attack.  
See yon French standards moving on our works.

Talbot—The lambs have found a little heart at last:  
Perchance the witch is leading.

Lieutenant—She is, by Heaven! on the foremost  
horse

I'm sure there sits a woman.

Talbot—I'll trust to Gladsale soon to drag her down:  
He holds the post, and he has valiant hands.

Lieutenant—It might not be amiss to reinforce him.

Talbot—Tut! they will never enter in the fort.

Lieutenant—The witch leaps from her horse, and  
mounts a ladder,

While those behind her show unwonted vigor.

Talbot—Saint George! our missels do not seem to  
check them.

The hell cat tops the bulwarks; standing high,  
She lifts her head, and points her sword above,  
Defying earth, and imprecating Heaven,  
While arrows rain around her, mocking death,  
And guarded by the devils as she dares,  
She lightly springs down on our men below,  
While all her force piles after. This is strange:—

Can it be possible the lynx has power  
To make her men more brave, and our less bold,  
Than they are natively inclined to be.

'Tis time for me to put my helmet on,  
And show again the lions on my shield.

Go thou and gather up my special troop,  
Whose help I little thought this day to need.

Lieutenant—I will, my lord; that sight bids us be-  
ware.

(Exit Lieutenant.)

Talbot—The foe hath entered well into the fort.  
Shall Satan so defy renowned Saint George?  
If at this distance I can trust mine eyes  
Our long resistless troops are giving way.  
Yes, by all truth, the slighted Oriflamme  
Replaces our proud banners, and our men  
Fly from the French like hounds pursued by hares:  
May Heaven's fiercest wrath destroy the witch  
Who hath reversed the order of the chase  
By calling Satan master. 'Tis utter rout!  
The fiends prevail! just God! the Leopards fly,

And hell comes roaring after! Out, child of hags!  
The sorceress rides her weird horse again,  
And as she raises high her dreadful hand,  
Her sword seems tipped with lightning. Risen  
saints!

Is it the sun that brightens so her blade.  
Or doth it flame with sin's infernal fire?  
Methinks a baleful light enfolds her all,  
And men, beholding, flee before the blaze.  
Clothed like a fatal comet she comes on:  
Over the red field terrible she rides,  
And England's pride before her charge goes down.

(Enter English soldiers in retreat.)

Talbot—Turn, dogs! what mean ye by this shameful  
flight?

Would ye before a pack of rabbits fly?

Soldier—We never yet have shunned the swords of  
men,

But we must blench before the eyes of fiends.

Talbot—Call, if ye fear, on conquering Saint George:  
Confront the foe with confidence in him:—

Hell holds no fiend that can endure his name.

Soldier—Names cannot make that shining figure halt.

Talbot—Here come the victors of proud Agincourt  
To shame ye who disgrace dear England now.

Mark their bold front, and dare to march with them.

They who with royal hearted Harry fought

Will not be driven by the devil's dame.

(Enter Lieutenant with veterans.)

Talbot—Men who remember England's brightest  
field,

We look to you, here, in our present need,

To prove the valor you possessed of old.

All—Harry forever! glory to Saint George!

Talbot—Now carve out victory with valiant strokes,  
And glorify your country with your swords.

Oppose the Dragon's Daughter without fear:

Our martial saint will break this witch's spell:—

Saint George! Saint George! Against the arts of hell!

(Exit Talbot and English soldiers.)

Wounded English soldier—Although my wounds with-  
hold me from the fray,

Mine eyes can still stern argument behold.  
Now Talbot, charging like a bull untamed,  
The crested front of opposition gores.  
Black necromancy fails, and hell falls back,  
But no, the sorceress revives her men.  
She comes, and lo, she conquors us again!  
How well the arch dissembler clothes his ward.  
Appareled like a warrior of light,  
She radiates confusion and defeat,  
And while evoking death, she looks divine.  
O brilliant fiend, once more dost thou prevail!

(English appear again retreating. Enter Talbot.)

Talbot—Turn! if ye love and honor England, turn!

Lieutenant—Hence! hence! my lord, the fiends possess the field.

Talbot—I tell thee, knave, that Talbot will not fly  
Till death gains some new terror. Charge again!  
Veterans of Agincourt, I say, advance!  
Lions of England, chase the dogs of France.  
My words are vain: stout archer, lend your aid:—

(Intercepts retreating archer.)

Send a true arrow through that evil cat,  
Who fills bold soldiers with such weak dismay.

Talbot—Ha, she is struck! Saint George! the witch  
is down!

(English rush forward crying.)

The witch is down! the witch is down!

Talbot—Bowman I'll make thee even now a knight:—  
Kneel, while I lift thy name.

(English appear again retreating.)

Lieutenant—The witch comes on again, no steel can  
kill her.

Turn! turn!

(English soldiers all retreat, carrying Talbot with  
them. Enter French forces, Joan, Vendome, etc.)

Vendome—O Maid, who out of darkness hath re-  
stored

The glory of our overshadowed arms,  
As long as men have tongues with which to praise,  
They shall narrate thy deeds this day, and laud!

Joan—Thank not a child of Adam for this aid.

I heard the blessed angels crying—on,  
And I advanced in no terrestrial name.

Vendome—Thy breast is wounded, and thy cheek is  
pale:—

Damned be the arrow that so darkly flew.

Joan—O, it is ever ill to use an oath!

And I am able to endure my hurt.

Be not concerned about a smart so slight.

I plucked the shaft myself out of my shoulder,  
Thus proving that it had not touched me deep.

(English soldier lying on ground groans. Joan  
takes his head in her lap.)

How can I comfort this poor spirit here?

Lieutenant—He's English, and too poor to hold for  
ransom.

Joan—I think not of his rank, but of his soul.

Procure a priest; nay, it is now too late.

Here, fix thy dying eyes upon the cross,

And gazing on that symbol—go to Heaven!

He breathes no more, I pray above the dead.

Vendome—He hath become a cipher of the past.

Joan—Nay, do not call him naught.

(Enter Dunois, commander at Orleans, and other  
French soldiers.)

Dunois—Daughter of victory—hail!

Soldiers together—Hail! hail!

Dunois—May thy triumphant banner wave forever.

Joan—Dear friends, ascribe not triumph unto me,

Thus overestimating one poor heart.

Praise not the servant, but adore the master;

And watch lest we exalt ourselves too high.

The truest soldier bows not in defeat,

But kneels in victory: so let us now

Divorce from pride our Heaven won success,

And bend our heads, and pray.

(All kneel.)

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Scene III.—Street in Rheims. Joan's parents and  
uncle present.

Mother—How could our Joan, whose nature was so  
mild,

Have proved so mighty on the fields of rage,  
And shown such wisdom in directing war?

Father—Surely the saints were with her as she said:  
For she dismayed the English at Orleans,  
And overcame their bravest at Patay:  
She captured cities, and she entered Rheims,  
And when I number all her noble deeds,  
She almost seems too great to call our own.

Mother—Yet I am sure her heart is with us still,  
And that she will right gladly greet us here.

(Enter Joan's brothers.)

Pierre—Never have lowly peasants been so raised,  
By any child, as you have been this day  
By your triumphant daughter: for the King  
Confers on her, and all her favored kin,  
Perpetual and almost princely station:  
So thou, my father, henceforth art a lord,  
And mother, thou a lady. Brother Jean,  
Bears, as do I, the noble name of knight;  
And all hath been accomplished by our sister.

Mother—Hath Joan recovered wholly from her  
wound?

Brother—Yes,—there is nothing to prevent our joy.  
Lo, now returning from the coronation,  
Whereat she stood scarce second to the King,  
Our peerless Joan beside her prince is marching,  
While grateful France, whose foes she hath defeated,  
Cheers the advance of the effulgent pair,  
And never any queen won such acclaim  
As that which rises for Domremy's Maid.  
Behold approaching now the glad procession,  
And mark what name it is that fills the air.

(Enter Joan, King, dignitaries, and populace.)

People—Welcome, restorer! hail, liberating Maid!  
Hail, child of rescue! hail, rose of triumph!

Joan—Look! look! my King, my earthly love stands  
there.

Oh! let me greet my father and my mother.

King—Halt! let the moving line its motion stay.  
Maid, we will wait, that thou mayest speak with  
them.

(Joan leaves line and embraces parents.)



Tremoille (aside)—What! shall a King delay his  
regal march

To make uplifted peasants still more proud?

Then dignity endures another fall.

But fitness is a foreign virtue now.

Wearing the dazzling halo of success,

This girl's vain wish sways all the kingdom's will:

But I predict that there will come a day

When like a darting star she'll pass and fall;

And such a future will I for her plan,

And henceforth strive to make her marches vain.

Joan—My liege, I pray thee, let me here remain,

For to my mother I have much to tell.

King—Surely thou wilt be good to us, and grace

The happy banquet which we give to-night.

Joan—Ah, sire, suffer me to stay away.

I have been called to fast, and not to feast:

My mission is not one that makes me merry,

And while you are rejoicing, I must pray.

King—Though this austerity deprives our board

Of one whose absence is our soul's regret,

We will not for thy presence persevere,

Since saints invite thee to a nobler feast,

But on this radiant and regal day,

Which thou by faith and works hast brought to pass,

We would confer on thee some princely boon,

As partial compensation for a debt.

Gold is not bright enough to all repay.

Thou hast done much for France, and more for me,

And blithely will I give what thou mayst ask.

Joan—My liege, if thou wilt be indeed so kind,

Remit the taxes of my native town.

King—I grant such grace forever; but ask on;—

Ask gems, and more than jewells, for thyself.

Joan—When thou wert crowned God gave what I had

asked,

And dear Domremy will remember me

For this that thou dost do.

King—Always for others thy endeavors are,

But we will bow before thy noble will,

And in compliance, leave thee for the hour.

Joan—Yea, let me feed upon affection now.

To-morrow I would turn again to war,  
And march devotedly with all our troops  
Upon defiant Paris.

King—So let it be:—Forward!

(Procession moves off. Joan approaches mother.)

Joan—O welcome mother, come apart with me,  
And give me thy compassion for my grief!

Mother—Dear Joan, on this resplendent day of praise,  
When all the happy town partakes of cheer,  
Why should the giver of the feast be sad?  
From thy white hands the King received his crown,  
To thy pure strength the land it's triumph owes,  
The gifts of victory have all been thine,  
And yet thy head as with affliction bows.

Joan—Mother, there is such frailty in me  
That I cannot in silence bear my pain.  
Forgive that I reveal to thee my woe,  
And to thy breast impart the dread of mine;  
But I feel now as did I when of old  
I ran to thee my troubles to confide,  
And I can only beg that thou wilt pardon  
The infant weakness that I now display.

Mother—Dearest of all the daughters of Lorraine,  
What an unworthy mother would I be,  
If I sought not to share the utmost pang  
Of the sweet child whose faith is woman's fame;  
Whose grace, like April, filled the land with spring,  
Taught earth the value of a violet,  
And gave to lovely maidenhood new glory.  
Hide not, indeed, the sorrows of thy heart,  
For mine holds sympathy for more than all.

Joan—Then listen, while I prophesy of grief.  
According as I bring good cheer to France,  
So will the world give stripes and gall to me.  
For men must still by sacrifice be saved,  
And for the lands redemption I must pay  
In such a measure as shall rive the hearts  
Of thousands, who in centuries to come  
The tale of my captivity shall hear;  
And kindly generations, yet unborn,  
Shall weep to tell how Joan of Arc was slain.

Mother—All this may but imagination be:  
In the bright present, why shouldst thou expect

A future dark with pain?

Joan—Visions and voices such a fate foretell.  
The night before the battle at Orleans,  
I saw, not with mine ordinary eye,  
A maid on horseback, representing me,  
Charging triumphant over helms and shields,  
While a stern angel, wielding a great sword,  
Flew on before, prevailing.

Mother—Why, that was well.

Joan—Likewise the coronation was foretold  
Before we entered Rheims.

Mother—I read in this no sign of what thou fearest.

Joan—The terror lies in that mine eyes see true.  
For O, to-day, just as the sacred crown  
Was placed upon the brows of our true King,  
And even as I stood rejoicing there,  
An awful terror seized me, and I saw  
Another vision. Mother, let thine arms  
Wind close around me, lest it come again!

Mother—Ah, child, there's nothing here to make thee  
tremble!

Joan—I saw a figure chained unto a stake,  
A shrinking form, attired in a shroud,  
And wearing a black mitre, a grim cap,  
Upon which had been writ accusing words.  
It was the apparition of a maid,  
And mother there were fagots at her feet,  
And these a dark hand lighted; high they blazed,  
And as the lurid tongues of anguish rose,  
A dreadful light lit up the stricken face—  
Oh God! And it was mine.

Then, while the people shouted for the King,  
Yea, even while they cheered in praise of me,  
I heard the voices that attend me cry—  
Deserted, and sold, and betrayed,

So shall the deliverer die.

The cross is prepared for the Maid,

The price of her crown will be high.

Mother—Who would desert, or sell, or who betray,  
One so deserving of all love and praise?  
If such a Judas lives now in the world,  
May he be cursed beyond the tribe of Cain.

Joan—Nay, mother, pay not bitterness with gall.

Mother—I'll pray that Heaven may deny all day  
To whosoever may afflict my child.

O Joan, forego war's honors, and come home!  
Come where the lamb may unmolested stray!  
Leave the vain court, where folly is so proud,  
And in our simple cottage seek repose:—  
Dearer than any victory is peace.

Joan—Mother, I hate all war, and shun its glory.  
Not for myself, but for beloved France,  
Have I put on this heavy garb of steel,  
And faced the awful front of battle red.  
Lo! still I hear my voices crying—on,  
And where they bid me march, there I must go,  
True to the last, and faithful till I fall.

Mother—Would that those voices never had been  
heard.

(Mother weeps.)

Joan—Ah cruel, cruel, hath it been of me  
To cast my grief on thee, and make thee weep;  
The healing interval of but a day  
Between my vision and our time of meeting,  
Would have restored to me enough of strength  
To keep me from so harrowing my mother.  
Perhaps thy prayers can mitigate my cross,  
Perhaps mine eyes were strained, mine ears con-  
fused;

Believe not what I said I heard and saw;  
Call it a sickly fancy of the mind,  
And oh! forgive the blind, self-centred fear,  
That made me rend thee so.

Mother—Daughter forever tender, though I weep,  
My wish to share thy burdens is more strong  
Than ever my desire was for joy.

Joan—One lasting comfort, mother, covers all  
The tribulation that we both must bear;  
For even now my tragic voices cry,  
As oft and earnestly they have before,  
That thou and I, afflicted here below,  
Shall blissfully communicate above,  
And sit at the consoler's feet in Heaven.

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#### Act IV.

Scene I.—Street in the town of Compiègne. Flavy,  
governor of the town, present.

Flavy—This soaring maid must be deprived of wings,  
And taught how perilous it is to fly.  
We'll have her chained where she can no more chide  
The meet indulgences of lusty knights,  
Who do not choose to emulate the saints,  
But have their manly vices. I'll not stand  
To be rebuked as one too fond of wine,  
Or to be told that I by sad example  
Corrupt the precious morals of my men:  
And there are many others, who, like me,  
Resent her orders and her admonitions.  
The King, I think, grows weary of her poses.  
Tremoille hath frankly told me of his hate,  
And looked designs he did not dare to speak.  
Some churchmen are displaying active envy.  
Her captains, since she failed in front of Paris,  
Obey her not as promptly as before,  
And I know none, except her tamed Vendome,  
And the low people from whose ranks she sprang,  
Whose appetites would fail if she should fall.  
Here comes my special scout.

Scout—My lord, strong reinforcements reach the  
foe:—

Talbot, with his division, hath arrived.

Flavy—Is this known in the town?

Scout—None know but I, who, far beyond our walls,  
Beheld these fresh troops come.

Flavy—Then keep your information hid from all;  
Make no exception, tell it unto none.  
Be strict in this:—here, let me still your tongue  
With my persuasive gold.

(Gives scout purse.)

Scout—You may depend on me for lasting silence.

(Aside.)

He hates the Maid, and I have never loved her,  
Since she deprived me of my lively dice.  
If there be treachery in his intention,  
That need not trouble me.

(Exit scout.)

Flavy—I'll seek the Maid, and so distort the truth  
That she shall eagerly leap in a trap.

(Exit Flavy. Enter group of soldiers.)

1st Soldier—I'm sick of life in a beleagured town.  
The Maid forbids all revelry within,  
And enemies are gathered thick without:  
Unless we shortly win a victory,  
I'll shake the dice, and take to drink again.

2nd Soldier—The Maid seems not as mighty as of  
old:—

At Paris she appeared to lose her power.

3rd Soldier—She is not well supported by the King,  
And some, I think, have shown her treachery.  
When she was marching strongly upon Paris,  
Half of her men, by some malign command,  
Were ordered to return again to Rheims:  
Then, when she struck, her forces were too few;  
But valiantly she fought although she failed:  
And I myself will follow her fair banner  
As long as it shall heavenward be raised;  
For I was born in beautiful Orleans,  
And for the sake of what her sword did there,  
I'll never cease to praise her, and to serve.

4th Soldier—Here! here!

Let all true men do homage to the Maid.

(Enter town girls.)

1st Girl—Look at the saints! look at the saints!

2nd Girl—Lend me a harp.

1st Girl—I want a halo, too.

3rd Girl—I bid you put more water in your wine—  
Thus saith the holy Maid.

3rd Soldier—You mock the Maid but to your own dis-  
credit.

1st Girl—Ho! who was chased from Paris?

2nd Girl—Why, not the Maid, for she can never fail.

3rd Girl—I wish we could exchange our saints for  
soldiers.

1st Girl—Come! come! don't plague the angels.

(Exit Girls.)

1st Soldier—Curse me, I think the jeering girls are  
right;

The Maid's fine rules make us ridiculous.  
I mean to take a healthy drink of brandy,  
And then go seek the wenches.

3rd Soldier—You shall not so defy the light of  
France.

1st Soldier—Shall not? well, watch and see me drain  
the flask.

3rd Soldier—You shall not drink while there is life  
in me.

1st Soldier—I'll wait, then, till I've killed you.

(They draw their swords and fight.)

(Enter Joan and Vendome.)

Joan—Soldiers, turn not your arms against each other,  
But strike united against France's foes.  
Come, clasp fraternal hands before me now,  
And never your unnatural strife renew.

(Soldiers shake hands and kneel to Joan.)

Joan—Arise, for you are pardoned.

3rd Soldier—May heaven keep our captain!

All—God save the Maid!

(Exit Soldiers.)

Joan—Good Lord Vendome, strict tests have proved  
thee true,

And wisely did my voices lead to thee;  
For thou dost not esteem success alone,  
And art not alienated by defeat,  
Therefore I know thou wilt not turn away  
When I declare that I shall be betrayed,  
Taken and left, derided and denied;  
Insulted, broken, overcome, and bound;  
Shorn like a severed limb of former strength;  
Torn by the harrow of exultant hate;  
And that my form shall like a fagot burn,  
While at my single breast shall be discharged  
The concentrated venom of the world.

Vendome (aside)—But that I knew that Heaven had  
her heart

I'd tell her now of tender earthly love.

Vendome (aloud)—Well mayst thou deem I would  
still kneel to thee,

Though chains replaced thy triumph. Yea, and more,  
I'd substitute my agony for thine  
If I could so deliver thee from grief:  
For Maid, thou hast taught reverence to me,

And lifted up my spirit with thy faith:  
So, too, hast thou imparted strength to France,—  
Contending for the good of the ingrate;  
And with my heart as with my lips I pray,  
That time hath not prepared for thee such woe  
As thou dost now predict.

Joan—Alas, good Count, too surely I foresee  
The measure of my heart's humiliation,  
And the appalling manner of my death.  
At Rheims my name was blazoned on a spire,  
And men below looked up, and called me great.  
That was the height, I now approach the depth,  
And not since Christ was in derision crowned  
Hath any spirit suffered as shall I.  
The gifts that brought me victory are gone.  
Upon the royal night of coronation,  
They disappeared, by those that gave them taken,  
And this is not the sword, nor this the banner,  
With which I stormed the ramparts at Orleans,  
And broke the English power at Patay.  
No, not with these did I take up my mission.  
These are of earth, the others were of Heaven:  
Man made the last, the first were more divine:  
Nor see I now the prince in war supreme:—  
Two of the gentle saints attend me still,  
But the sublime archangel comes no more.

(Enter Flavy.)

Flavy—My captain, I convey momentous news:  
Talbot is bringing aid to our beseigers,  
But two days must elapse ere he arrives.  
Should we not therefore sally from the town,  
And strike our foes ere they are reinforced?

Vendome—Can you be positive that this is true?

Flavy—A trusted soldier brought the information.

Joan—Let us then arm, and issue from our walls:  
Aggression often is the best defence.

Flavy—I will myself bring hither our stout troops.

(Aside.)

As governor I'll stay within the town.  
Talbot and Burgundy, now joined together,  
Should overwhelm the forces of the Maid,  
And at the last, upon the least excuse,  
I'll close the barriers and shut her out:



Then let the saints she tells us of protect her,  
For she will sorely need unearthly aid.

(Exit Flavy.)

Joan to Vendome—Though I must soon commence my  
march to death,

I hope to save this city ere I die:

But I have not been told of Heaven's will.

My voices' council hath become confused:

They cry that serpents smoothe the tongues of men.

That there are snakes whose very hiss can kill.

That reptiles creep into earth's fairest bowers,

And some rank foil is nigh to every flower.

That snares not laid for birds lurk in the air,

And pitfalls make the ground men tread on porous.

That there are dragons to encounter still.

That saints like felons have been made to die,

But Heaven loves those whom the wicked hate.

I know not what all that I hear may mean,

But in my doubt I clearly understand

A voice that cries out—forward to the last!

(Enter Flavy with soldiers.)

Flavy—Here are thy troops, with valiant swords pre-  
pared

To cut investing coils at thy command.

Joan—I know they will fight mightily with me.

(To the soldiers.)

Soldiers, I summon you again to battle!

Serve now your God, your country, and your King,

And even as you fight, I charge you—pray.

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Scene II.—Outside of the wall of Compiègne.  
French soldiers in retreat.

Lieutenant—The forces of the foe are overwhelm-  
ing:—

There's nothing to be done but seek the town.

God help the Maid, she covers our retreat,

And will not fly for shelter till the last

Of those she led are safe within the walls.

She rides heroic on the edge of rout,

While staunch Vendome before her spreads his  
shield,

And fights like one who deems it bliss to die.

His gallantry robs Roland of his fame,—

No Paladin could rival his bold rage.

Soldier—Haste! haste! the barriers are closing down.

(All rush into town; gate closes.)

(Enter Joan, Vendome, and other French soldiers.)

Vendome—The gates are down! O, tenfold treachery!  
May Flavy burn with Judas down in hell!  
The villian knew that Talbot had arrived,  
And planned to leave thee here. One chance re-  
mains,—

If we can cut our way through to the meadows,  
We may reach safety still.

Joan—Mine eyes behold my prison.

(Enter Burgundian soldiers, John of Luxembourg leading. Vendome is struck down and Joan captured.)

John of Luxembourg—Behold, all here, she is my  
prisoner!

Inspired wench, what say thy voices now?

Joan—I hear no voices, but I see a crown;—  
The wounding wreath with which the world once  
mocked

A more than earthly King.

(Enter Duke of Burgundy and Talbot.)

Duke of Burgundy—Here is a capture to make devils  
weep,

And all good spirits smile.

(Aside.)

The devil can give grace unto his child;—

I never saw a face that seemed so pure.

Talbot—Ha, limb of Satan, call thy master now,  
And ask the darkness to deliver thee!

If thou canst kill with curses, use thy tongue  
As though it were a sword, and slay all here,  
For if we live, then surely thou shalt die.

Unless the devil hath deserted thee,  
Shoot forth the poison proper to thine eyes,  
And blight us with thy glances.

What, dost thou hope that now, by seeming mild,  
Thou canst make us forget thy former rage?

Canst thou with incantations break stout chains,  
And sever bars, and pass through solid walls?

Without such arts thou wilt be tightly kept.

Hast thou a charm that can turn fire cold?

If not, expect to burn, and sadly learn  
How sorcery is conquered by Saint George.

Luxembourg—Wait, wait, my lord, she is my prisoner,

And I shall hold her for a pretty sum.  
Before she is quite captured by your saint,  
There'll be a price to pay.

Talbot—She is not worthy to be treated like  
A wholly human prisoner of war.

Luxembourg—But I am worthy of the gold I'll ask  
For having captured her. Ten thousand pounds.  
The ransom of a prince, I must demand:  
If Charles finds that before you English do,  
He wins the mighty witch.

Talbot—My lord of Burgundy, sustain us here;  
You surely will not give consent to this.  
To sell our scourge back to the Armagnacs,  
Would be to give the enemy such aid,  
That it approaches treason.

Burgundy—Her captor stands upon established law.  
If England deems her such a dreadful foe,  
She should not hesitate to quickly pay  
The gold that can obtain her.

Luxembourg—There's not a captain in all Burgundy  
Who would not fight to make good my contention.

Talbot (aside)—We'd lose our ally if I should insist.  
Curse all the French, I trust the time will come  
When Burgundy will be subjected too.

Talbot (aloud)—I'll tell your terms unto the Duke of  
Bedford.

Until the witch is chained unto the stake,  
Our soldiers will look pale.

Luxembourg—I trow myself the sorceress should  
burn,

But gold outweighs all sentiment with me.

Duke of Burgundy—Dark maid, you lately sent to me  
a letter

Upbraiding me because I fought against  
The homicidal Prince who slew my father.  
Now, when you stand so nigh unto the fire,  
Your voice should be less bold. Say, will you beg  
The help of him whom once you dared rebuke.

Joan—I look not for the aid of any here,  
But if I knew that coward compliment  
Would save my captive body from the flames,  
I'd speak the truth that so accuses thee.  
He turns from Heaven who denies his country.  
No private wrong can ever make it right

For men to strike against their native land:  
And Duke of Burgundy, though helpless here,  
And knowing whither I am being led,  
In France's name I call thee renegade,  
And scorn the traitor who gives England aid.

Burgundy—Vile witch, I'll cheat the fire with my  
sword.

(Thrusts at Joan. Luxembourg strikes aside  
Duke's blade.)

Luxembourg—I beg your Grace to recollect the ran-  
som.

Duke—I must not soil my blade on her vile body.

(Vendome stirs, gasps, and sits up.)

Luxembourg—Ho, a living Count! here's yet more  
gold for me.

Vendome (confused)—Where is the Maid?

Talbot—Here is the witch.

(Vendome approaches Joan and kneels to her.)

Talbot—Rise, Count, we want no devil worship here.

Vendome—Ah, knights, now in your hands you hold  
the flower

That most adorns the world. Oh! use her well!

Let not blind anger with you so prevail,  
That she, who is so nigh unto the saints,  
Shall be assailed as one of Satan's kin.

Can you mistake the language of a form  
So manifestly fraught with virtue's grace?

Think you corruption could be housed so well?

Behold what faith hath written on her face!

Who shall be saved, if such a one be damned?

Who is a saint, if she's a dire sinner?

Be just, and let not a revengeful wish

Pervert your better judgments. Well you know,

However much you argue with your hearts,

That she you call a witch is half divine.

But if apparent virtue cannot move you

To treat a noble spirit with respect,

Forebear, then, to afflict her, out of fear,

For judgment of yourselves is yet to come,

And heavily shall wrath from Heaven rain

On all who do her wrong.

Talbot—Here's one of those her dark charms have  
bewitched.

Luxembourg to Vendome—Come hither, Count, you

are my prisoner,  
And I shall hold you at three hundred pounds,  
Which you will find it well to shortly pay.

Vendome—I am not to myself worth that amount,  
Nor would my friends put such high valuation  
On my poor life; but I know one worth more:—  
What of the Maid? hath purity a price?

The saints might pawn their crowns to raise her ransom.

Luxembourg—I hold the Maid, and at ten thousand pounds.

We know well that the angry English want her,  
And if they get her, we know what they'll do.  
You, being so devoted to the Maid,  
Might well prevail upon the slothful Charles  
To quickly pay the gold that I demand.

Vendome—I'd give my life to win the Maid's release.

Accept parole, and let me go to Charles,  
And strive at once to find the saving sum.  
As for myself, I pledge my Knightly word  
That what you ask of me shall soon be paid.

Luxembourg—It is not in accordance with our custom  
To let you go before we get your money;  
But when it may return ten thousand pounds,  
I think I'll take the risk. There's Talbot, too,  
It would not be amiss to punish him  
For seeking to deny me everything.

Vendome—Be well assured that my three hundred pounds

Will very soon be yours.

Luxembourg—Say nothing here of this: I'll shortly plan

To get you safe away.

Vendome—Dear Maid, have hope!

Joan—Yea, hope, but not of earth; and trust, but all  
in Heaven.

Lo, I behold again the precious light!

The kindly saints have not deserted me,  
Though I am mocked and bound.

Voices of Angels—Joan, thou hast come unto Gethse-  
mene,

And therefore art thou now to Heaven nigh.

Joan—The voices! the voices!  
I hear my holy councilors again.

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Scene III.—Council room in royal castle at Rheims.  
King, Archbishop of Rheims, and Tremoille present.

Tremoille—According to a rumor that I hear,  
The Maid, once deemed invincible, is taken.

Archbishop—Well, she hath earned harsh payment  
by her pride,

She scorned all council, and ignored advice:  
Preferring folly, born within herself,  
To wisdom by experience conceived:  
So I, considering her faults, must say,  
That if she hath been captured, and borne down,  
It is because she made herself too high,  
And so offended Heaven.

(Enter Queen Yolande.)

Queen—They say the Maid is taken; it is true?

King—It is not yet confirmed, but so we hear.

I've really ceased to follow her of late,  
And scarce knew where she was, nor greatly cared;  
For I had heard of her repulse at Paris,  
And that was quite enough.

(Enter Attendant.)

Attendant—Your majesty, the Count Vendome awaits  
without,

And craves admission to your royal presence.

King—Faith, I suppose 'tis right we should receive  
him,

Though he be but a courier of care.

His manifest devotion to the Maid

May prove a source of much annoyance now:

However, usher the bold captain in.

(Enter Vendome.)

Vendome—Sad is the word I bring your majesty.

The enemy have seized the nation's saint:

The chosen Maid is captive unto hounds,

And she who lived for France will die by fire,

Unless we give our gold to save our flower,

And hasten to redeem the land's restorer.

She is not given to the English yet,

For those who took her follow Burgundy,

And John of Luxembourg, who holds her now,

Will take our money if we offer it

Before harsh Bedford finds the sum he asks.

King—Our treasury is scarcely in a state  
To meet a large demand. What is the price?  
I trust it is not high.

Vendome—Ten thousand pounds—if England finds it  
first,

The Maid is sold to agony and shame.

King—Ten thousand pounds! why, never, by faith's  
star,

Could our poor coffers yield a sum like that.

Archbishop—Such a request is quite preposterous.  
The Lord would blame us for upholding pride,  
If we should show we valued her so high.

Tremoille—A prince's ransom for a peasant girl:—  
Absurd, indeed!

Vendome—This is the peasant maid who saved a  
throne.

Sire, remember that she crowned you King.

Queen—Yea, England now would be the master here  
But for devoted Joan: and all my jewels,  
They once were many, would they now were more,  
I'll give towards saving this redeeming pearl.

Archbishop—If Joan so loves her country and her  
King,

She would far rather meet the fate assigned her,  
Than rob the nation of this mighty sum,  
Now, when it is so poor.

Tremoille—In truth it is a patriotic test  
That she should boldly stand. Her worth to us,  
Now that her prestige is so plainly gone,  
Is not one hundred pounds.

Then, too, her service hath been overated.

She came to us at an auspicious time,  
Which manly captains had with toil prepared,  
And rose upon a wave by others raised,  
Ursurping thus the shining mount of fame:

Moreover, she most certainly declared  
That victory should be her only sign,  
And while I say not that she is a witch,  
I must submit that her mere need of ransom  
Discredits all her claims of Heaven's aid.

Vendome—The sign she gave at Rheims will last for-  
ever,

And France was lifted up by her alone.

King—'Twould grieve us much if the good Maid  
should die;

But, what are we to do? Think of her price;—  
Ten thousand pounds! why, soldier, with that sum  
A King could build himself a cloud-crowned castle,  
Or make a wilderness a royal garden.

A tenth of this, though it would pinch us sore,  
We might, out of exceeding pity, give;  
But when they rank her high as royalty,  
And ask for her the price that frees a prince,  
We certainly demur.

Vendome—Sire, the value of this virgin's blood  
Exceeds the worth of all the beaming gems  
That ever out of eastern caverns came.  
No King hath wealth enough to match her worth,  
And she would still be worthy of her ransom,  
Though it were ten times more. I tell you, too,  
That wholly to her grace you owe your crown,  
And if, unmindful of your obligation,  
You close your purse, and leave our best to burn,  
Then your own soul will yet implore a ransom  
That to the end of time shall not be paid.

King—Insulting Count, swift death should still a  
tongue

That utters such rank treason. Railing churl,  
That speech should be the last word of your life:  
But clemency and mercy shall be mine,  
Though traitorous transgression hath been yours,  
And I allow you grace to get away,  
Though I would not advise a quick return.

Vendome—Life holds no grace for me when Joan of  
Arc

Must end her noble journey at the stake.  
With her the glory passes from the world:  
And you, who came to power through her favor,  
You, who by virtue of her triumphs reign:—  
Report of her reward shall rise so high  
That it shall be recorded up above;  
And it shall also penetrate so low  
That you yourself shall hear it in the pit;  
And Heaven, Earth, and Hell, amazed shall cry,—  
Here we have ultimate ingratitude,  
And may its author be abhorred for Aye.

King—Sieze on him, guards, and bear him to a cell



Dark as his damnable offence is deep;  
When he himself is stretched upon the rack,  
The captive Maid may give him less concern.  
Vendome—The Maid is doomed, and I am sentenced,  
too.

(Guards bear Vendome away.)

Queen—You surely will not put the Knight to torture.

He loves the Maid, and maddened by her capture,  
Gives to no name but hers its proper due.

Archbishop—Your majesty, although his foul affront  
Would justify such rigorous extreme,  
I would advise a punishment more mild.

Tremoille—I would not see the poor fool on the rack.

King—I spoke but on the moment. He shall be  
Confined, perhaps a month, in a fit place,  
And then, unhurt, released: but be it known—  
This outrage is the last that I will bear.

I wish to talk no more of Joan of Arc:  
Both what she did, and what she yet may do,  
Are things that I desire not to hear;  
And with my scepter in my hand I say,—  
Let no one name the Maid again to me.

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#### Act V.

Scene I.—Joan's cell in English prison at Rouen.  
Joan chained to a pillar. Two guards present.

Joan—What tribulation is prepared to-day?  
What new affliction am I now to feel?  
An evil thing hath come into my cell  
While I have slept—that dire object there.  
Descend, ye lovely messengers of light!  
St. Catherine! St. Margeret! come down!  
Surround me, angels, if it be the rack!  
Ye kind alleviators of my care,  
Sweet saints, whose ministrations so can soothe,  
Leave me not wholly to calamity.  
Voices divine, and presences serene,  
Suffer me not to be assailed alone.

O come, my comforters, for these thick chains  
Weigh not so heavily when ye are near!  
Encompassed by the bitter wrath of man,  
I pray to you, bright carriers of love,  
Out of your pity haste to my protection,

For I have more than mockery to fear.

(Enter 3rd Guard.)

1st Guard—Look, darkest girl, they've sent you a new guard!

A sportive blade, well suited to your cell:

A knave to whom perdition is a joke:

A rogue who can make merry in a dungeon—

When it contains a witch he can annoy.

3rd Guard—Pale sorceress, do you remember me?

You were more mighty when we met before,

And feared not then the man who baits you now.

You foiled me at Domremy, where your sword

By dark enchantment robbed my hand of mine.

You have no weapon now, but I have one:

But fear it not, I do not mean to kill you,

Though I shall have completest satisfaction,

And take a literally sweet revenge.

Feel now my loving arms—

Joan—Back! foulest entity above the pit!

If thou durst lay on me thy shameful hands,

I'll launch a curse that God shall never lift.

(Guard recoils.)

Joan (aside)—Nay, I must never blight, but always  
bless,

And ever pray for mercy to all men.

3rd Guard—Curse her, although her hand holds now no  
steel,

I fear her even as I did before.

1st Guard—We would long since have made her serve  
our pleasure,

But that there was a light in her strange eyes

That ever beat us back.

Joan (aside)—O kindly Heaven, hasten thou my death.

For though the fire at the stake be dread,

I fear no element as I do men!

(Enter Earls of Warwick and Stafford.)

Warwick—This, my good lord, was once the devil's pride.

Now all her imprecations sound in vain:—

Thus shall the wicked ever be brought low.

Stafford—Aye, but the goodly cities that she took

Lie not so helplessly within our hands:

That is the reason for my boundless rage

Against this drooping daughter of the fiend.

Her deeds yet stand, though she herself is down,

And wholly powerless as she is now,  
The shades of her past curses still remain.  
Joan—All that I did religiously was done.  
From foreign shackles have I freed the land,  
And though you bring a hundred thousand men  
To seize again what I restored to France,  
You shall not your lost governance regain,  
Nor shall ye even keep what now ye have.  
Stafford—At least I'll wreak a quick revenge on you.

(Tries to stab her. Warwick prevents him.)

Warwick—No! No! she must not die by noble steel;  
For it hath wisely been decreed that fire  
Shall rid the world of those of her profession.

Stafford—Then let the flames incinerate her soon.  
Tell the slow churchman we want more than talk,  
And that we paid ten thousand pounds in gold  
For her unholy blood, which we will have  
Without long tongued delay.

Warwick—Her condemnation must have proper form,  
But all will fitly end.

Stafford—Are the ecclesiastics to be trusted?  
Remember, they are French.

Warwick—Hate never moved men more. The well proved  
Bishop

Labors with all his heart to have her life.  
See! they come now!

(Enter Bishop and ecclesiastical judges.)

Warwick—My Lord Bishop,  
This viper's trial hath been too prolonged:—  
Pray settle all to-day.

Bishop—The time is set;—  
This vicious enemy of church and state  
Will shortly be removed.

Warwick (aside)—My reason tells me that she is no  
witch,

But England's greatest enemy should die:  
And she should also perish for her fame,  
Which is too lofty for a low born girl.

(Exit English lords.)

Bishop—Joan, called the Maid, but sister unto Satan,  
The holy church, interpreter of Heaven,  
To-day declares to thee its final word.  
Thou hast been tried, and utterly condemned.  
We find thy words false, and thy deeds evil.

We prove both sorcery and heresy,  
And now command thee to confess thy crimes.  
Remember how we can uncover lies,  
And while replying, keep you rack in view.

Joan—I have but told undeviating truth,  
And that I will not out of fear deny.

Bishop—We have prepared a written abjuration,  
Which I shall read, and thou shalt sign, or burn.  
(Bishop reads.)

I, Joan of Arc, whom men have called the Maid,  
Do now my past iniquity confess,  
And penitently catalogue my crimes.

I have defied God, and deceived man.

I have performed the work of the devil in the name of  
the Lord.

I have called the promptings of demons the commands of  
saints.

My communication hath been with hell, and not with  
Heaven.

My tongue was a weaver of lies, and my hand was a  
worker of evil.

I have been a sorceress, and a servant of Satan, who like  
a plague disseminated death.

I have destroyed good soldiers with vile spells,  
And I but fought to make the righteous fall.

That is the end:

And now endorse what I have read, or die.

Joan—Though you may utterly consume my form,  
You cannot so compel my heart to lie.

I have the light and not the darkness served:

I have adored the saints, and hated sin.

The chief of the triumphant hosts on high,

Michael, whose seat is nighest to the Lord,

Gave me the sword I was ordained to wield,

Gave me the banner I was called to bear,

And righteously I won the victory,

And by celestial grace my King was crowned.

Bishop—Forever unregenerate and hard,

Thou dost increase the depth of deep offense

By making evil use of holy names.

(Aside.)

The case against her will be incomplete

Without her full confession. England's pride

Demands her uttermost humiliation,

And I shall miss the honors that I sought,  
If my employers are not satisfied,  
And she dies all unshamed.

(Aloud.)

My brethren, kindly council here hath failed.  
I trow the time hath come to try the rack;  
But we will put the question to a vote,  
And do as the majority may rule.

We are nine here, I draw away from all;—  
Let those of you who like myself believe  
It would improve her soul to rend her body,  
Step forth, and stand with me.

(Three judges join Bishop, fourth advances, hesitates,  
looks at Joan, and goes back.)

Isambard de la Pierre—She hath fainted!

Martin Ladvenu—Poor child!

Bishop—Martin Ladvenu, be careful of thy pity.

Bring water, though, the witch must be restored.

Ye who have weakly saved her from the rack,

I can but hope that her infernal master

Is not possessed of you. Hear, Aye, and heed,

What righteously indignant I declare:—

The wrath of Heaven, and of godly men,

Will overtake you if you further dare

To shield this friend of fiends.

(Joan revives.)

Joan—Mother!

Good fathers all, I pray forgive my weakness,

My strict confinement hath not made me strong.

Bishop—Nothing but condemnation now remains.

All have agreed, that, should she not confess,

She should for her renowned transgressions burn.

Hark, stubborn Joan! the church, the holy judge,

Pronounces now its sentence upon thee.

To-morrow thou shalt pay crime's debts, and die:

Enduring at the stake a witch's death,

And passing thus from fire unto fire,

Except thou shalt confess before the last,

And so escape the flames prepared below.

Joan—That verdict will not stand in the great day

When Heaven's court convenes. Be certain, too,

That though thou dost so proudly doom me now,

Thou wilt not boast of thy achievement then.

Bishop—Black spirit, thou so lovest simulation

That thou wouldst feign bright holiness in hell.  
Joan—Bishop, I know the man by whom I die:  
I see the heart that hath so riven mine.  
Thy guile encompassed me with vicious guards,  
From whom my sole protection was the saints,  
Whose presence all thy tribe could not forbid.  
And for the cup that thou hast given me,  
And for thy treason to thy mother—France,  
I summon thee to stand before a judge  
With whom no earthly titles will avail,  
And unto whom, high honored as thou art,  
A child appears more strong.

Bishop—Bold fiend!

To-morrow thou shalt feed thy native fire.  
Come! let us hasten from her evil tongue.  
Why should we linger in a witch's cell?  
Remove the torches! leave her to the darkness,  
Whose prince she oft invoked.

(Exit priests.)

(Saint Catherine and Saint Margeret enter and kiss  
Joan.)

Voices of Angels—

A palace hath thy King prepared for thee,  
And soon thy soul shall rise from many woes,  
To gardens where delivered spirits see  
The glory of the everlasting rose.

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Scene II.—Square at Rouen; very dark. Witches flitting about and laughing wildly.

Witches together—

Now under and upon the earth,  
The sounds of diabolic mirth  
Above all other notes prevail,  
While devils to their prince cry hail.  
For on this memorable morn,  
The rose shall perish by the thorn.  
The flower like a weed shall die  
While blinded men its worth deny.  
Behold! the spirit we most hate  
Hath been declared our evil mate.  
The uncontaminated Maid,  
Of whom our tribe was so afraid,  
Is now condemned as one of us:—  
Was ever truth perverted thus?

Could irony more bitter be?  
Or goblins find more cause for glee?  
Oh! never since her master died  
Have mortal lips so darkly lied!  
And therefore let all hell be gay:—  
Grim Lucifer can laugh to-day.

(Exit Witches. Scene brightens.)

(Enter Vendome.)

Vendome—The last malignant arrow is prepared,  
And soon the dove will feel the final pang.  
Brave Joan of Arc, who taught my soul to kneel,  
And gave to reverence the wings of love,  
Here, expiating, wins the martyr's crown;  
Sign of earth's wrath, but Heaven's high acclaim;—  
The lowly bought but precious diadem  
Denied to haughty Kings. Thus speaks sweet faith,  
But cold reality loud clamors here,  
And fills my soul with pain. That she must burn  
Is cruelty and bitterness indeed,  
But O, what wrongs she hath already borne!  
What persecution from designing priests,  
And from vile guards, those beasts who are the scum  
Of all the army, though more base than they  
Are the proud lords who placed them in her cell.  
Warwick and Stafford, if I live my steel  
Shall keenly click with yours: but I am late,  
And villiany, alas, hath been on time.  
Observant Heaven, what hath veiled thine eyes?  
Canst thou behold such deeds, and not prevent?  
O, pour at least thine anger on the heads  
Of all who give to purity such pain!  
Remember, too, the court that left her here.  
France hath forsaken her deliverer,  
And turned from the bright fountain of her weal.  
What of the prince whom she raised up to rule?  
She gave to him a scepter and a crown,  
Renewed his Kingdom, and restored his throne,  
And now, deserted even unto death,  
A flaming shroud shall be her recompense  
For having driven ruin from his reign.  
Unworthy Monarch! O, ungrateful King!  
What noble service, and what base return.  
I know not which should be adjudged the worst,—  
They who forsake, or they who so assail.

All men who are themselves detestable  
Now call accursed the mortal most divine;  
While human vultures gather thick to tear  
This daughter of Prometheus, who dies  
For having brought high fire from Heaven down.  
Let demons hasten hither that they may  
Learn more of darkness than they knew before.  
Oh! let all things that gore, or bite, or sting,  
Come and behold rage redder than their own.  
Here might the serpent borrow a new venom  
From the black hearts of men.  
Here might the wolf be taught to slay the lamb  
More wantonly than in his native way.  
Here are instructors from whom beasts of prey  
Might well acquire fresh ferocity;  
For tigers are a less malicious tribe  
Than they who torture this unblemished girl.  
This is the cup the world gives to its first,  
And what avails, posterity, thy praise?  
Call her a saint, and glorify her grave;  
Build to her towers that can never fall;  
But no acclaim can ever compensate  
For that which hath been done;  
Nor can repentant tears absolve the earth  
That hath allowed this day.

(Enter soldiers.)

Now to the stake the holy victim comes,  
And they that guard the sacrifice appear.  
If I am plainly seen I will be known;  
But wherein lies my loss if I am found?  
What hath discovery for me to fear?  
I could not find a better way to die.  
Than here to strike, and perish at her feet,  
With my just sword in some accuser's heart.

(Enter Joan, guarded by soldiers, and attended by  
priests. Dignitaries of church and state and populace  
also enter.)

Joan—Thou, Rouen, shalt be my tomb! may this not be  
thy shame.

(Lieutenant, to Talbot, who commands soldiers.)  
My lord, I beg permission to depart.  
I dread much to behold this execution,  
For she that dies resembles my sweet daughter,  
And but last night I had a vivid dream—



Talbot—What means this talk of daughters and of dreams?

Do you feel treasonable sympathy  
For this compounder of infernal curses,  
Who plucked bright power out of England's hands?  
Turn, if you will, from witnessing her death,  
But if you do so leave, expect your own.

Lieutenant (aside)—She drew a sword but for her country's sake,

And in her aspect there is nothing dark.  
Oh! my blithe Rosalind shall never hear  
Of what I soon must see.

Talbot—Soldiers, again the dragon's noble foe  
Proves to the denizens of night his power;  
And as the witch approaches the just fire,  
High rises the great banner of Saint George!

Bishop—Dark child, who labored to corrupt the world  
With charms malign, and divinations damned,

Because thou art undoubtedly a witch,  
And wilt make no confession of thy shame,  
We, seeking but the welfare of the church,  
And the approval of high-reigning Heaven,  
Deny thee, in the everlasting name,  
And give thy soul and body to the flame.

Vendome—Maid! Maid!

Though many have been false, one still is true.

Joan—O knight too nobly proved! death sees thee here.

Vendome—Aye, and he will not have to lack me long!

Unholy Bishop, for thy many lies,  
Receive a fitting payment from true steel.

(Rushes at Bishop with drawn sword exclaiming.)

Go, tell in hell how thou hast triumphed here.

(Soldiers strike Vendome down.)

Vendome—Now Heaven proves to me its verity.

Beautiful Saint,

The gates of Paradise for thee unfold.

(Vendome dies.)

Talbot—This is Vendome, a knight of gallant name:  
I grieve that for a witch's sake he died.

Bishop—His sins rest dark upon him: he assailed  
The holy church when he assaulted me;

And I declare him excommunicate,  
And barred forever from the realms of bliss.

Joan—Thou canst not keep him from tranquility

With thy revengeful and malicious ban;  
For though the wicked may on earth prevail,  
Yet Heaven will reverse the order here:  
And I fear not for him thy hate denies,  
For higher power ushers him to peace.  
His spirit hath arisen unto rest,  
And through the highest gates his soul hath gone.  
The portals that he passes are of pearl,  
And night shall henceforth be to him unknown.  
Bishop—The day grows dark, belike infernal power  
Expresses thus Hell's hatred of the sky.  
Lieutenant (aside)—More justly say that now indignant  
God

Frowns on a murky deed.

Joan—I feel, that when I have endured the pain  
Which I must suffer in terrestrial fire,  
I shall be lifted by celestial love  
From penitential earth to final joy.  
Yea, when my worthless body is consumed,  
I hope for fair acceptance of my soul;  
For Paradise is what the angels promise,  
And by those ministers immaculate  
I trust to be above all death upborne,  
And to be carried high, till I behold  
The seas cerulean and isles divine,  
Where rise the domes of palaces superb,  
And glory, like a garment, covers all.  
And France, whose liberation I began,  
And for whose sake I greatly suffer here,  
She shall majestically march to power,  
And Royal Charles, whom I was called to crown,  
Shall be the laud's unquestionable King.  
Now for the peace of all the world I pray,  
And intercede for foes as well as friends,  
And for whoever hath upon me frowned.  
Here I forgive as I would be forgiven,  
And seek to bless those who have made me bow.  
Bishop—Come, Heaven will rebuke us for delay:  
Lead now the bride of Satan to the stake.

(Joan ascends to the platform. Executioner chains her to the stake.)

(Lightning flashes and thunder rolls—scene darkens.)

Joan—Proud death, my Lord hath shorn thee of thy  
plume,

And turned thy dungeons into vaults sublime.  
Talbot—Lieutenant, I accord thee grace to leave,  
For I myself feel heavy! heavy! here,  
(Puts hand on heart.)

Vengeance, completed, gives but little joy,  
And I see now nought but a fair young girl  
Awaiting bitter death.

Lieutenant—Grateful indeed, my lord, I go. (Exit.)

Bishop—Darker than evening grows the noon day hour;  
This surely proves that she belongs to hell.

(Aside.)

What is it that is clutching at my soul,  
And filling me with terror so extreme?

(Aloud.)

Bring, bring us torches, that we may have light  
Other than that which blazes on her brow.

Joan—Give me a cross to hold close to my breast!

Priest—There is a great cross in the church close by,  
That I will get for thee. (Exit Priest.)

(Talbot makes a small cross of two sticks and gives to  
Joan.)

Talbot—May this rough cross assist thy soul to heaven.

Joan—Captain, in kindness as in courage great,  
This deed shall comfort thee in time to come.

Talbot—Kneel, English soldiers, while the virgin burns,  
And pray that England may not suffer ill.

(Enter priest with tall cross.)

Joan—Keep the redeeming cross before mine eyes,  
That as I drink this bitter draught of death,  
I may remember anguish more than mine.

(Priest holds the cross before her.)

Joan—Healer of wounds, and quieter of war,  
Surround me soon with sleep.

(Fire rises around her.)

(Voices of angels are heard.)

Voices—

Mocked, and yet magnified,  
Stricken, yet glorified,  
Out of thine agony  
Cometh the victory!

(The End.)

# “THE REIGN OF THE ROSE”

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## I.

O Rosamond! when dawn is bright,  
O Rosamond! when eve is pale,  
I offer love that cannot fail,  
And worship thee, through dark and light,  
Through bluest calm, and blackest gale.

Behold! what e'er the place or time,  
My heart does homage to thy name.  
Thy grace to heaven I proclaim;  
And lo, the lark, in flight sublime,  
Becomes the symbol of my flame.

In sunny fields, and woodlands green,  
In bowers, and in places wild,  
All grace recalls thy beauty mild;  
And in each soft or rugged scene,  
I see thee fair and undefiled.

A tryst with nature I must keep  
Whenever I am from thee gone:  
Else would my spirit be forlorn,  
And time would like a tortoise creep,  
And absence be more hardly borne.

If words could tell what flowers are,  
They could not give thee proper praise.  
They could not picture all thy ways;  
And if I could describe a star,—  
Thine eyes would still excell my lays.

Let jassamine, and eglantine;  
And rosemary, and asphodel,  
Impart their fragrance where you dwell,  
For you belong to their sweet line,  
And blossoms bright become thee well.

The sun cannot in splendor set,  
Nor can the tranquil moon arise,  
But that my quickened fancy flies  
To haunt the gardens where we met,  
Whose paths are brightened by thine eyes.

And if our peace give place to war,  
And if I unto battle ride,  
Thy image will be at my side,  
And I will strive to merit more  
The favor that is now denied.

I have a castle, famed of old,  
With lofty walls, and towers three.  
Its keys I offer unto thee;  
And if my suit seem overhold,  
Let love my intercessor be.

It hath endured through many years,  
And all with victory are rife.  
It hath withstood both time and strife,  
And in its power it appears  
A symbol of heroic life.

Upon a hill it standeth strong,  
And looks upon possessions wide;  
But greater far would be its pride,  
If all did unto thee belong,  
And thou didst bless it as a bride.

## II.

A rumor of revolt is heard,  
And there is anger in the land.  
The people wiser guides demand;  
And meaning look, and whispered word,  
Foretell of troubled days at hand.

I will not speak my purpose yet,  
Nor openly my cause declare;  
But some have ruled by means unfair,  
And never can my house forget  
The king without a crown to wear.

If banished royalty appears  
To claim again its rightful ground,  
I will among its friends be found;  
And with me will be many spears  
That by a noble pledge are bound.

For wrong cannot forever rule,  
However sharp may be its sword:  
However flatterers may laud:  
And England is not like a fool  
Whose reason cannot be restored.

The people will recall at last  
The rightful heir unto the throne.  
My king will come unto his own;  
And the usurper's reign be past,  
And past the madness we have known.

But valor will have work to do  
Before the victory is won.  
The onward march hath scarce begun;  
And I send forth my love to you  
While watching for the rising sun.

### III.

Last night, beneath a castle wall,  
A score of knights in council stood;  
And there they swore, as brave men should,  
That they were ready, one and all,  
To battle for their country's good.

They raised aloft the sharpened steel,  
And unto heaven made a vow  
That they would not to tinsel bow,  
Nor any more their hearts conceal,  
But prove the faith within them now.

They mourned for England's evil state,  
And praised the name that she denies:  
And righteously did they devise  
To raise the Rose that once was great,  
But now, alas, neglected lies.

They for an army must provide,  
To carry our great venture through:  
And this they stand prepared to do;  
For they are lords whose lands are wide,  
And rich in yeomen stout and true.

How shall this brave beginning end?  
Ah, that no mortal can foretell.  
The future must in darkness dwell;  
But man need not to that attend,  
If present deeds be ordered well.

Can war be well? yea, when the truth  
Is overshadowed by a lie;  
And he who would not fight, or die,  
For precious honor, keeps in sooth  
A peace that angels might decry.

Yet must the coming days of strife  
Be dark with temporary woe.  
We cannot gently overthrow  
The tyranny that now is rife,  
And win release without a blow.

Methinks the skies already frown  
Above the fair and fruitful fields;  
And legions bearing swords and shields  
Are rising up, to trample down  
The blessed harvest nature yields.

And soon, thou soul of all things sweet,  
The hills shall hear a call to arms;  
And castles quake with war's alarms:  
O, venture not from safe retreat.  
But dwell apart from all that harms.

#### IV.

O let the roses all be white  
That in your fragrant gardens bloom!  
For I for such a flower fight,  
And if you give its rival room,  
And if you favor roses red,  
Then will my soul be wrapt in gloom,—  
Then will my hope be crushed and dead.

O let the roses all be white  
That cluster in your silken hair!  
Accept the bud with petals bright,  
And wear the flower that I wear.  
Be not appalled like the foe,  
For lasting will be love's despair,  
If you a ruddy emblem show.

O let the roses all be white  
That rise and fall upon your breast!  
No more shall morn to me be bright  
If you are cold to my request:  
So wear them, Rosamond, I pray,  
And let me see them, and be blest,  
Before I ride unto the fray.

#### V.

I kiss the banner that thy hands  
So graciously have wrought,  
And value it above my lands,  
And all that can be bought.

I go to meet opposing steel  
Not wholly without cheer,  
For this must some regard reveal  
In one whom I revere.

If all my suit had been in vain  
I'd clasp no gift of thine.  
I lost my heart, but this I gain,  
And much indeed is mine.

Yea, I am the most favored knight  
That rides in either host.  
No token, made by hands so white,  
Can any other boast.

For such perfection is in thee  
As not another shows,  
And such devotion is in me  
As earth but rarely knows.

O lady! hear, and never doubt  
The truth that I declare:—  
Not while I live shall foeman flout  
The banner that I bear.

I swear to carry its bright folds  
Across the fields of death,  
And cling to what my hand now holds  
While heaven grants me breath.

The arrow, and the awful sword,  
May dye the rivers red;  
Yet I will fight for love's reward,  
And ever ride ahead.

I have a treasure to defend,  
And I will guard it true;  
And joyfully my thanks I send,  
And send all worship too.

## VI.

I hear of a knight who sought in vain  
The hand that I deem so fair,  
And jealous, now, of the gift I gain,  
He would soil its folds, and tear.  
He hath joined our foes  
With the lesser Rose,  
Because it contends with mine;



And I trust we'll meet,  
And for life compete,  
Where the lances are in line.

A willing foe he will surely find,  
With never a heart of fear.  
For I will think that the fates are kind  
When I see his crest appear.  
I will lift the gage  
He hath cast in rage,  
And I'll mock his evil hate;  
For the sword is true  
That is drawn for you.  
And its thrust may seal his fate.

#### VII.

He who was known as Duke of York,—  
But who is rightful king,  
About the land doth bravely walk,  
And wide his banners fling.  
He carries a compelling sword,  
And bears a potent spear;  
And knightly voices call him lord,  
And Prince without a peer.

An army hath around him grown—  
Within whose ranks I serve;  
And thus he marches toward the throne  
He only doth deserve.  
The warriors who wear his rose  
Now cover all the plain,  
And blithely will they meet his foes,  
And fight that he may reign.

#### VIII.

To-day there came unto our host  
The captain of the strong,—  
The earl whose name is honored most  
Among the foes of wrong;  
And Warwick! Warwick! Warwick!  
The White Rose legions cried,  
When clothed with might,  
This peerless knight  
Appeared with us to ride.  
His martial glance infused its fire  
In all the ranks around.

That eye can victory inspire,  
And make brave deeds abound.  
And Warwick! Warwick! Warwick!  
Ten thousand called again:  
Nor will they fail  
The man in mail,  
And he may trust his men.

IX.

Our troops are advancing  
In battle array.  
The chargers are prancing,  
The riders are gay;  
And nothing of fear in their faces we see,  
Though dark unto many to-morrow may be.  
The armor is shining—  
Reflecting in the sun.  
'Tis not by repining  
That glory is won,  
For courage is seldom the comrade of care,  
And bright are the trappings that warriors wear.

We go not despairing  
To terrible war.  
Though much we are daring—  
Yet would we dare more;  
For brave are the hearts that have gathered in might  
To banish the Red Rose, and honor the White.

We'll give the foe greeting  
With heads lifted high,  
Although at our meeting  
Full many must die.  
The spirit of battle possesses our train,  
And proudly we march unto trial and pain.

If love should be sighing—  
It is not in fear  
Thy banner is flying,  
And not in the rear.  
I ride at the front with the token you gave,  
And send my regard from the ranks of the brave.

X.

I look to heaven from my tent to-night,  
And marvel at the multitude of stars;—

Those blessed isles of beatific light,  
Whose high repose no earthly tumult mars;  
For space all intimate communion bars,  
And they are always silent, though in sight,  
And we can never touch, but only see:  
Now this is well for their tranquility;  
For few are fit to higher courts to go,  
Though one, at least, so excellent I know.  
And that, mild Rosamond, is surely thee:  
Thou fairest bud! thou rose without the thorn!  
Whose gentle name upon my lips shall be  
When I go forth to battle in the morn.

## XI.

Now have we reached the great deciding day  
Whose issue shall for many seasons last;  
And soon shall tyranny extend its sway,  
Or be among the evils of the past.  
The hosts have met, and each its gage hath cast.  
The arrow is already on its way.  
And the impatient lance is in its rest;  
And with my stout retainers at my side,  
And with war's ardor burning in my breast,  
I eagerly await the battle test—  
Wherein the temper of the heart is tried.  
And Rosamond, remember, that I ride  
To plant thy shining banner in the fore,  
Though death may utter there its nevermore.

## XII.

I'll tell thee of the victory Plantagenet hath won,  
And how in our great Rose's name a mighty deed was  
done:  
And how upon Saint Alban's field  
The foemen left both sword and shield,  
And backward in confusion reeled,  
Ere night received the sun.  
We marched, and met a marching foe, and neither host  
would halt,  
Except to marshall eager lines for furious assault.  
Two armies gathered from one race,  
Then closed in battle's fierce embrace;  
One to restore a stolen place—  
One to maintain a fault.

When first on rapid horses we their frowning ranks beset,  
The air was darkened with the shafts with which our  
charge was met;  
And many knights were made to know  
The power of the yeoman's bow,  
Thus meeting with their overthrow  
With weapons all unwet.

Yet onward through that deadly hail unterrified we rode,  
And eager as the arrows were the steeds that we bestrode.  
Unfaltering we drove, and fast,  
Until dividing ground was past,  
And then we meted out at last  
The measure that we owned.

Now that which followed that great shock was like a  
troubled dream,  
For such commotion must unlike all sober vision seem.  
No face retained a semblance fair,  
But only wrath and death were there,  
And there was seen the tiger's glare,  
And heard the tiger's scream.

A feeble thing in such a mass was any single man.  
The boundless rage defied control, and mocked at every  
plan.  
Amidst that conflict's mighty throes,—  
Its horrid cries—its savage blows,  
I scarce could tell my friends from foes,  
Or say what course we ran.

The ranks grew thinner as we fought because of those  
who fell,  
And what the battle later brought I can more clearly tell.  
Borne like a bubble on a wave,  
At first I only sought to save  
The bright embroidered rose you gave,  
And guard its glory well.

But as the pressure lessened I began to guide my men,  
Although my sword had lost its edge, and I was wounded  
then.  
I gathered them, and at their head,  
A concentrated charge I led,  
And back we forced the Roses Red,  
And won brave room again.

But stubbornly they rallied, and I then with joy espied  
The jealous baron who had sworn to dim thy banner's  
pride.

Well pleased was I that knight to see:—  
I called to him, and he to me,  
And we encountered heavily  
Upon the fatal tide.

He rising in his stirrups smote my shoulder with his  
blade,  
And I more shrewdly found his helm, and well his stroke  
repaid.

He drooped, but as I raised my steel  
A last deciding blow to deal,  
His squire's buffet made me reel,  
And so my hand was stayed.

A hundred scintillating lights then danced before mine  
eyes,  
And total darkness followed, such as comes to one who  
dies.

My senses wandered in a swoon,  
From which I rallied none too soon,  
For ere I woke, thy precious boon  
Became a foeman's prize.

That sight when I recovered burned my spirit like a  
flame:

I vowed to win thy gift again, or die to end my shame.  
And mindful of great love's command,  
I carved a path with rapid brand,  
And tore the trophy from the hand  
That threatened my good name.

So rescued I the token unto which I swore to cling.  
So back to thee without reproach thy banner I can bring.  
So torn, but free from doubtful stain,  
Did I thy satin gift regain,  
And thus did love its pride retain,  
While fighting for the King.

Still on we fought, but not again was thy sweet favor  
lost.

The White Rose steadily advanced, and back the Red was  
forced:

Until at last, in utter rout,  
The foeman turned his face about,

And victory gave forth a shout  
That did the clouds accost.

Resistless rode Plantagenet, with righteous strength in-  
duced,  
Till all his flying enemies were scattered or subdued.  
And now his troops triumphant stand,  
Possessing the disputed land,  
And England's throne he may demand  
With kingly certitude.

So majesty reverts again to our beloved rose.  
So scattered are the enemies that would its reign oppose.  
So shall it rule the land once more,  
And ancient chivalry restore,  
And blessings on the people pour,  
With grace that overflows.

And now from war and victory I turn again to thee;  
And I will scorn the body's wounds if love be kind to me.  
O Rosamond, my thoughts are fleet!  
But slow and weary are my feet:—  
Yet still I come, and when we meet—  
What will my welcome be?

### XIII.

Out of the battle field I come!  
Come—in despite of pain.  
Turning glad from the camp's harsh hum,  
Unto thy mild domain.  
I would not with the wounded rest;  
Love is the leech that I deem best,  
And thy smile is a balm more blest  
Than Araby's groves contain.

I have gathered my armor up,  
And listened to love alone.  
Could I wait for a healing cup,  
And lie like a helpless drone?  
Could I calm in a tent recline,  
Far away from that hand of thine?  
Nay, too fond is this heart of mine,—  
Too great hath its ardor grown.

By the stream, and over the hill,  
Longing for thee I ride;  
And my course shall be straight until

Land shall no more divide.  
I would come to thee, if I might,  
With the speed of the eagles flight;  
But the sword hath impaired my might,  
And pain cannot be denied.

XIV.

After a season dark,  
After a night forlorn,  
I awake in a noble park,—  
How was I hither borne?  
Is it indeed thy face  
That is so nigh to me?  
Sweetest image of mortal grace,  
How can such rapture be?  
Did I falter and faint  
When for thy courts I rode?  
Lo! thy tears should annoint a saint,—  
Why are they here bestowed?  
What! dost thou take my hand?  
What! dost thou kiss my brow?  
O let time on his journey stand,  
And long remain as now!  
Now am I sweetly paid  
For my devoted toil.  
With my head on thy shoulder laid,  
All of my foes I foil.  
Blessed be thy dear eyes,  
Limpid as truth, and mild.  
They to me are like tender skies  
After the tempest wild.  
Here in thy bowers bright,  
I like a prince repose.  
Here is the heart's supreme delight;—  
Here is the perfect rose.  
Look on thy banner there,  
After the battle's stress.  
Say—hath my sword not kept it fair?  
Say—is its glory less?  
Raised in triumphant war,  
Rent, it retains it's pride;  
And victorious I restore  
That which was nobly tried.

Prayerfully was it kept.  
Valiantly hath it waved.  
Vigilant honor hath not slept;—  
So hath thy gift been saved.

Love hath performed its best,  
But war hath left me weak.  
White-Rose Rosamond, let me rest  
Nigh to the heart I seek.

## XV.

I have love's own haven found,  
Here—within these tranquil walls;  
For I touch the sacred gound  
Where thy footstep often falls;  
And the hills less distant seem  
Than they did when thou wert cold;  
And the stars more kindly gleam,  
And the sun sheds richer gold.

I am come from conflict hard,  
Where the sword was raised aloft,  
Unto peace that needs no guard,  
And a voice forever soft;  
And my limbs renew their strength  
In the light of thy bright smile;  
And I will arise at length,  
Though I languish for awhile.

There is not in any land,  
Though the breeze be there as balm,  
Any other garden grand  
That can equal thine in charm:  
For by thee is this made dear,  
And beneath the lofty sky,  
There is naught that I revere  
Like the grace that now is nigh.

We have loved, and we will wed  
When the birds of summer sing.  
Never was to altar led  
Fairer bride than I shall bring;  
And I'll ask the coming years  
To be such as love would make;  
And I'll toil to save thee tears,  
And keep vigil for thy sake.



XVI.

I will to thee my days devote,  
And make thy peace my care;  
And pearls I'll wind around thy throat,  
And rubies thou shalt wear.

So shall my gifts thy grace adorn,  
And high acceptance gain.  
So shall I serve thee, night and morn,  
And make thy form a fane.

With loving hands to thee I'll bring  
Each season's sweetest fruit;  
And nightingales for thee shall sing,—  
Excelling any lute.

My heart shall whisper to thy heart  
A true and tender word;  
And tell thee, without guile or art,  
The tale that Psyche heard.

Such fields as love in fancy roves  
I will for thee make real,  
And fountains, and delightful groves,  
Shall unto thee appeal.

Of nectar only shalt thou drink  
If such I can procure;  
And thou shalt rest upon the brink  
Of waters clear and pure.

I will not falter in my quest  
For things to give thee joy;  
And I will labor to arrest  
All ills that would annoy.

My castle's walls shall guard a world  
Designed by love's own hand;  
And from its heights shall hate be hurled,  
And there shalt thou command.

The stones are laid! the gates are set!  
The land is richly sown!  
There thou shalt be with music met,  
And all shall be thine own.

Fair art and nature shall combine  
Both soul and sense to please;  
And under home's dear tree and vine  
Thou shalt repose at ease.

## XVII.

Why must insistent voices  
     These quiet courts invade?  
 Why, where the earth rejoices,  
     Must such a breach be made?  
 Here, where the breeze is sighing,  
     Ungentle news they bring;  
 And all our walls defying,  
     Truth tells a grievous thing.  
 'Tis said that dark devising  
     Hath raised a hateful band;  
 And foes we were despising  
     Again disturb the land.  
 I trust they are not growing  
     So numerous, and strong,  
 That from their evil sowing  
     Will spring a conflict long.  
 May they be only rushing  
     To an ignoble end.  
 May our first blow be crushing,  
     And swift destruction send.  
 But if, my hopes deceiving,  
     Our early marches fail,  
 I must for war be leaving,  
     Though wounds have left me frail.  
 No path could be inviting  
     That led me from thy side;  
 But if my friends are fighting  
     I cannot here abide.

## XVIII.

My king is calling me, and I must go!  
     The foe again doth mightily arise;  
 And there is evil strength to overthrow,  
     For Henry hath appeared in warlike guise;  
     And still would he dispute the royal prize,  
 And still the Red Rose shows its heart of hate,  
     While flauntingly its scarlet banner flies:—  
 Thus treason, like a sea, is growing great,  
     And we must crush it ere it be too late.  
 My Rosamond, when I went forth before,  
     I longed to prove my power in the fight.  
 I knew not the reality of war,

Nor had its awful visage seared my sight;  
But gone forever is the old delight,  
And solemnly I now prepare my steel;—  
Applauding not the sword's destructive might,  
For man's divinest glory is to heal,  
And war at best is but a grim appeal.

Nor can I lightly leave the favors sweet  
That thou hast graciously before me spread.  
The fullness of my cup hath been complete,  
And bountifully hath my heart been fed.  
Yea, love hath placed a crown upon my head;  
And loath am I from such reward to turn;  
But love its self would frown on one who fled,  
For true affection man must bravely earn,  
And thou wouldst soon a craven lover spurn.

So called again to war, I say farewell,  
And leave thy side, directed by the sword.  
A soldier's vows these parting words compel,  
And they are all that honor can afford.  
Pray thou that noble peace may be restored;  
And let not absence lessen love in thee.  
It is thy banner that I fling abroad,  
And once again thy gift my care shall be,  
And only death shall sever it from me.

### XIX.

Good bye! I hear a martial call  
A knight cannot deny.  
My duty lies beyond the wall,  
And so I say—good bye!

Here thou and I have sweetly met,  
And here we now must part  
I go, but I will not forget,  
For here I leave my heart.

I came, and found thee beautiful.  
I saw thee, and I bowed.  
Thou wert both fair and dutiful,  
And I my love avowed.

And thou, though calm, wert not unkind,  
And listened not in scorn;  
But now, when I full favor find,  
Our hands apart are torn.

In Eden's bowers I would grieve  
If severed from thy grace;  
How trow ye, therefore, that I leave  
Earth's darkest scenes to face?

Nor think I of myself alone:  
For thee I also feel;  
For thy soft eyes have sorrow shown,  
And more they may conceal.

Grief should not take from one so fair  
Appropriate delight:  
Nor pain a brow so bright impair,  
Nor time such beauty blight.

But bitter! bitter! is the cup  
That man on earth must drain.  
None can on pleasure only sup,  
Or stand aloof from pain.

Thy home by loving hands was made,  
And all its pathways charm:  
Yet even here the flowers fade,  
And thou hast felt alarm.

But let not sorrow fill thy song,  
Nor care thy castle keep.  
The birds will still about thee throng,  
And still the fountains leap.

And love remaineth, though I turn,  
And urge my steed afar;  
And in strange places I will yearn  
To be where now we are.

But honor cannot hide from foes,  
Nor rest when war is nigh.  
The gates of peace against me close;  
Dear Rosamond—good bye!

XX.

All the roads of England's Isle  
Now to scenes of battle lead.  
Vales once sweet no longer smile,  
And the land is rent indeed;  
And the dead the streams defile,  
And in gardens vultures feed.

Not a blossom may endure  
Where the armies plant their spears,  
But where many once grew pure

Only noxious growth appears;  
And no home abides secure  
In the peace that most endears.

Civil strife wears now a face  
Darker, even, than before.  
Hate and horror grow apace,  
And the clouds of wrath outpour.  
Even babes have not a place  
Where they can be safe from war.

I have joined a mighty host,  
And among the best I ride;  
But I have no mind to boast,—  
Here is cruelty to chide;  
And compassion moves me most,  
And I feel more pain than pride.

Rosamond, I breathe thy name  
Not to birds and flowers now.  
For I ride where steel and flame  
Blight the fields, and strip the bough:  
But my heart remains the same  
As when first I made love's vow.

Though the torch, and hoof, and sword,  
Make a wide and dreadful path,  
Where all evil stalks abroad,  
And where man no mercy hath,  
Still among these scenes abhored,—  
Love is mightier than wrath.

## XXI.

The waring roses soon will meet,  
For anger moves with rapid feet,  
And hate to hate draws near.  
Ten thousand swords for victims seek,  
And with life's current they will reek,  
Unheeding pity's tear.

The times so harsh a creed have taught,  
That deeds of darkness now are wrought  
By hands that once were kind;  
And knights who have been gently bred,  
Now wrong the living, mock the dead,  
And leave all law behind.

I only fight for future peace.  
If now we triumph, war will cease,  
And better days succeed:  
So forward let our forces surge,  
That we may end the awful scourge  
That now makes England bleed.

For love, and for the land's repose,  
And for the glory of our Rose,  
I'll face the martial storm.  
And being now to battle nigh,  
I swear again, that though I die,  
I will love's pledge perform.

## XXII.

I would have shut from out thine ear  
All tidings sad, all words of fear;  
But care can pierce the shield of love,  
And find the bosom of the dove;  
And thou must hear a woeful tale  
Of how the foemen's arms prevail.

The house of York is deeply down.  
The waters rise! the heavens frown!  
The White Rose yields unto the red,  
And great Plantagenet is dead;  
And pressing his insulted locks,—  
A paper crown his title mocks.

The verdant sward on Wakefield's plain,  
Is covered with our noble slain.  
And the bright truth for which they died  
Is in the land they loved denied;  
And the proud Rose they served so well  
Can nowhere now in safety dwell.

O think not, love, that this defeat  
Was caused by cowardly retreat!  
We did as much as valor could,  
And long in woeful plight withstood  
The forces of apparent fate,  
That girt us with triumphant hate.

Thrice, when our ranks were rent in two,  
We formed again, and fought anew;  
And met the steel that fiercely prest  
With bleeding but unshrinking breast.

Against the onslaught standing fast  
Long after cheering hope was past.

Nor did my hands betray their trust:  
Thy banner trails not in the dust.  
Free as in victory it waves,  
Arising o'er a thousand graves;  
And warriors surround it still,  
To guard its sacred folds from ill.

It shone above the fatal field,—  
Too proud to fly, though others yield;  
And when at last we slowly turned,  
New glory had for it been earned.  
And still we raise it up on high,  
Resolved to lift it thus, or die.

But envy longs to sieze thy gift,  
And our pursuing foes are swift,  
And doubtful is the path we trace,  
For we are few, and many chase.  
And hawks fly hard in our pursuit,  
Whose progress we cannot dispute.

Sir Robert Edgeton, the knight  
Whose suit you deemed it well to slight,  
Now follows our retreating band  
With hundreds more than I command;  
And we must reach my castle wall;  
Or he will overwhelm us all.

It is a sorry thing to flee  
From this ignoble enemy:  
But opposition now would fail,  
For he with numbers would prevail:  
Hence, though our breasts rebellious burn,  
We must to distant bulwarks turn.

Our present refuge lies alone  
Behind my castle's stubborn stone.  
There we may still our banners fly,  
And all our enemies defy;  
And so, discreet, yet unafraid,  
Our course is toward my towers laid.

Though great hath been the battle's cost,  
Our cause is not yet wholly lost.  
Three princes of the house of York

Still live, and still unfettered walk,  
And through the gates of victory  
I may again return to thee.

### XXIII.

My castle's walls are thick and high,  
Its towers all are strong;  
And from this fortress we defy  
Assaults, or sieges long.  
Before our heavy brazen gates,  
The enemy excluded waits,  
And vainly threatens wrong.

Then let our foes arise and rage,  
And lift their spears in wrath:  
Before them all I cast my gage,  
And here obstruct their path.  
When they these noble stones assail,  
Their keenest swords shall bend and fail  
As though they were of lath.

Encircled by their hostile tents,  
And by their ranks enclosed,  
Our home a granite front presents.  
And they are well opposed.  
Here hath been raised for us a rock  
That can repel an army's shock,  
With portals safely closed.

While they for the attack prepare,  
We make defense complete.  
Our walls are guarded everywhere,  
Aggression's march to meet;  
And over all thy banner gleams,  
And bright as victory it seems,  
And brave as thou art sweet.

### XXIV.

Now let the heavens hear our praise,  
For dawn hath cast the darkness down!  
Bright triumph doth my castle crown,  
And after many battle days,  
Thy banner wins increased renown.

With all the implements of war,  
Our battlements have been assailed;



Yet never have our forces quailed,  
But stoutly they the onset bore,  
And fierce besieging bands have failed.

Our walls their flying arrows broke,  
And blunted their assailing spears.  
Each rampart still its bulk uprears;  
For stone repelled the wrathful stroke,  
And swift retreat confessed their fears.

But often urged to the attack,  
Their boldest climbed the outer wall;  
But stern defense confounded all,  
And hand to hand we drove them back,  
And made them with their ladders fall.

With engines next a breach they made,  
But when they poured exulting through,  
Expecting conquest to accrue,  
Our missels soon their progress stayed,  
And baffled, they again withdrew.

Then underneath the cloak of night  
They sought once more to force a path;  
But vainly they essayed to seath,  
For still our arms possessed the might  
To foil their guile, and mock their wrath.

And now from fruitless strife they rest,  
And keep beyond our arrow's reach;  
Close battle they no more beseech,  
But halting thus, with lowered crest,  
They tell of what our arms can teach.

Yet still we watch, for still they wait,  
Not having yet departed hence;  
Success hath not outsoared cool sense,  
And triple barred we keep each gate,  
And mend the flaws in our defense.

And while we pause, I pray to you,  
Let never war our hearts estrange:  
Nor sweet accordance disarrange,  
But love be kind, and love be true,  
For I am true throughout all change.

## XXV.

New enemies before our gates appear,  
 And all our walls surround.  
 The great Earl of Northumberland draws near  
 With many knights renowned;  
 And if our hearts were given unto fear,  
 Such weakness might abound.

For far as from our towers we can see,  
 We can fresh foes discern;  
 And like a torrent their assault will be,  
 And hard indeed to turn;  
 Yet here defiant stand my men with me,  
 And offered peace we spurn.

By heaven, and the rose that thou dost wear!  
 By thee, and all thy grace!  
 To fight for my forefathers halls I swear,  
 Whatever odds we face;  
 And though their names be great, let them beware  
 Who would thy gift displace.

## XXVI.

Tales that are cruel—to one who is kind,  
 I must in spite of all tenderness send.  
 Wounded in body, and troubled in mind,  
 Visions of death on my spirit attend.  
 Rent is my bosom, and broken my blade,  
 And a wide breach in our fortress is made.

Think not my will hath grown weak, I beseech;  
 Nor that I fail in defense of my trust.  
 While I was leading my men to the breach,  
 Wounded I fell like the dead to the dust.  
 Hence, though I shrink not from danger, nor yield,  
 Weak is my hand, and no arms can I wield.

Two of our gates have already been won,  
 And the foe launches his might on the moat.  
 Great are the deeds that our warders have done;—  
 Facing all peril afoot and afloat,  
 But as we fight still our number grows less,  
 While our assailants fresh columns possess.

Thou who art wearing my rose and my ring,  
 Wilt thou not write thy regret on my grave,

If I die here while to honor I cling,  
Not having sullied the banner love gave?  
Wilt thou not think of my deed, and thy word,  
If I am laid where war's voice is unheard?

XXVII.

I greet thee from a heavy cloud,  
And tell thee nought to cheer.  
Hope's voice is low, and grief's is loud,  
And earth is like a bier:  
For hated hands  
Control my lands.  
And only night is near.

I have been very nigh to death,  
And but for thy dear pledge,  
I would have wished to lose my breath,  
And pass beyond life's edge:  
For our fair rose  
Is girt by foes,  
And choked by weeds and sedge.

I saw my castle overcome,  
Yet could not lift a sword;  
But my defiance was not dumb,  
And Edgerton I scored;  
And with his blade  
He would have paid,  
But for a greater lord.

Northumberland's most noble earl  
The catif's steel denied;  
And but that he opposed the churl  
I must that day have died:  
Thus in my need  
He proved indeed  
A knight whom none can chide.

But what is life, to one like me,  
Who lies bereft and bound,  
And who remembers liberty  
When chained unto the ground?  
'Tis love alone  
That can atone  
For sorrow so profound.

Now in mine own ancestral tower  
A captive I am kept,  
And all authority and power  
Hath from my hands been swept;  
Thus war can change  
In manner strange  
What all in peace accept.

But still thy banner resteth safe;—  
Of all assailants rid.  
For this at least pride need not chafe,  
Which care may God forbid.  
In secret vault,  
Safe from assault,  
It lies securely hid.

When I beheld we were undone,  
I had it hurried there.  
Thus beauty oft is forced to shun  
A world that would impair:  
Then if at last  
This woe be past,  
Its friends will find it fair.

And how dost thou, my love, endure  
These sad destructive days?  
May angels keep thy courts secure,  
And walls around thee raise.  
May all the night  
Of spirits bright  
Protect thee, while I praise.

#### XXVIII.

Now all the winds for Henry blow,  
To England's grievous ill;  
And in the valleys there is woe,  
And darkness hides the hill.

And I am banished from the sun,  
And all the charms of day;  
For I am an imprisoned one,  
Whose garb is never gay.

I ride no steed, and bear no spear,  
And no good sword is mine.  
No true retainers serve me here,  
But guards my steps confine.

The foeman fattens on my lands,  
And feasts within my hall;  
And I am left with empty hands,—  
A knight bereft of all.

Nay, I am rich, if love be true,  
And thou remainest kind.  
If fetters be not faults to you,  
I'll bear them, though they bind.

Dost thou still wear a rose for me,  
In spite of my defeat?  
Or dost thou scorn captivity,  
And only triumph greet?

Wouldst thou misfortune's hand refuse,  
And leave the sick alone?  
Or wilt thou loyal pathways choose,  
Though they have narrow grown?

I offered once a castle fair;—  
Now but a chain have I:  
And I no rich apparel wear,  
But cloth of meanest dye.

I will not urge thee to remain  
Bethrothed to one so poor;  
But I believe I still retain  
A love that needs no lure.

I trust thee, and esteem thee more  
Than towers, land, or gold;  
Though time, I hope, will yet restore  
These that were mine of old.

Great Warwick will not idle be:  
He rides unconquered yet;  
And his strong arm may set me free,  
And break the bonds now set.

If thou through war remainest sweet,  
And seekest no release,  
We may again in gardens meet,  
And join our hands in peace.

## XXIX.

Out of the shadow affliction hath thrown,  
Out of the prison in which I am pent,

Fancy can fly to a land of its own,

Where in the past there was perfect content:  
Where the earth's beauty did homage to thine,  
And the delight of a lover was mine.

Grace of the lily, and pride of the rose,

There in thy beautiful presence I found.  
Praising thee ever the flowers uprose,

Eager the fairest of forms to surround;  
And by the bountiful hours were borne—  
Peace of the twilight, and joy of the dawn.

Blest by thy promise, and cheered by thy smile,

All of my days in thy gardens were fair.  
There was no malice, nor anger, nor guile,

And I forgot man's inherited care:  
There was no folly for love to regret  
Nor any season the soul would forget.

Changed are my fortunes, but thou art still fair,

And in thy bowers the bud remains bright.  
This is the comfort that conquers despair.

Saving me now from the uttermost blight.  
Thus to the captive love beareth its balm,  
Triumphing over the chain with its charm.

### XXX.

Was it thy spirit, or did I but dream?

Surely I seemed to be wholly awake.  
Here in the dark came a voice and a gleam,  
And a dear form did the radiance take.

Thine were the eyes that were fixed upon mine:  
Thine was the face—in its kindness divine.

I have been given at visions to scoff.

Finding but folly in mystical things.  
How could I see thee when thou wert far off?  
Art thou possessed of invisible wings?  
Doth the soul's sight in the sick become strong,  
Or is my brain but disordered and wrong?

Mists may enfold me, but this remains clear,—

Never delusion in thee have I found.  
Shadow like substance may often appear,  
Yet shall thy love for its faith be renowned;  
For in a world of triumphant deceit,  
Thou hast been proven abidingly sweet.

### XXXI.

Love, I am weary, but still I must wait,—  
Watching for help that already is late.

Sighing in darkness for waters that gleam,  
Longing in bondage for liberty's beam.

Rosamond! Rosamond!

Hear, and behold!

Shadows surround me, and comfort grows cold.

Am I not weak thus to mourn and complain?

I, who was wont such a cry to distain.

Should not my spirit this sorrow resist,

Calling the pride of a knight to assist?

Rosamond! Rosamond!

Pride is no more!

Gone is the strength that sustained me of yore.

In the wild battle I fought without fear.

Never fled I when a foeman drew near,

But this slow pain hath possessed me so long

That neither body nor spirit are strong.

Rosamond! Rosamond!

Turn not away!

Watch, while I watch, love, and pray, while I pray.

### XXXII.

Vainly I sigh for the songs of the past.

Raven to Raven around me is calling.

Unto the voices I listen agast,

And I look forth on a prospect appalling.

Now must my story be written in pain;—

Such is the measure the vanquished obtain.

Over the water, and over the shore,

Vapors and mists are now heavily rising.

Cometh no breath to revive and restore:

I am surrounded by evil devising.

And I am clad in a garment of grief,

And I discern no approaching relief.

What were the laurels I went forth to reap?

Vanity, as I am bitterly learning.

Blessed alone are the spirits that sleep,

For they are free from unsatisfied yearning.

Never in strength that may fail do they trust,

Nor must they suffer from judgment unjust.

Truly my wounds on my courage take toll;—

Here like a querulous clerk I am railing.

I must recover the strength of my soul.

Valor in man is the grace that is saving;  
And unto thee I more fortitude owe,—  
Sighs little merit the love you bestow.

Smile, my beloved, and heed not my groan:

Let not thine eyes lose their lustre in weeping.  
Knighthood should bear with affliction alone:

In a closed bosom the agony keeping;  
And I have wronged thee with feeble complaint,  
And I am shamed by such weak unrestraint.

### XXXIII.

Through the castle echo sounds  
That proclaim some martial plan.

Stern activity abounds

In the courtyards that I scan.  
All the gates are closed and barred,  
And each hath a heavy guard.

I have reached a window high,  
Though such movement was a task.  
Wounds could not my wish deny,  
For mine eyes had much to ask.  
Surely, what I see portends  
That my foes expect my friends.

Heaven make their horses fleet,  
And to their attempts be kind.  
Never may their steps retreat  
Till they cut the cords that bind.  
Never may they cease assault  
Till in victory they halt.

Here will I a welcome wave,  
When the ranks of rescue come.  
If they win the walls, and save,  
Never will my praise be dumb;  
For if they accomplish this,—  
I can fly to thee—and bliss.

### XXXIV.

The thing I hoped for I behold!  
My friends approach, in order bold,  
And brighter than the brightest gold  
Their arms to me appear.



Preserved in spite of fortune's frown,  
The White Rose comes—with new renown,  
No longer drooping and cast down,  
But spreading martial cheer.

It is the host for which I prayed;  
In vesture all of steel arrayed,  
And mighty—although long delayed,  
And on brave mission bent.  
Along the winding river bank,  
Come knights and yoemen, rank on rank,  
And all the saints I praise and thank  
For this assistance sent.

The files are led by England's best.  
Prince Richard rides before the rest;  
And I can mark great Warwick's crest,  
And Pembroke's proud devise.  
And many more of noble name,  
Whose deeds have won them warlike fame,  
Appear to conquer and reclaim,—  
If valiant swords suffice.

Here are grim walls with which to cope,  
But brave battalions mount the slope,  
And on their front is written hope,  
And strength is in their tread.  
They seek what only heroes find,  
And they have left pale fear behind,  
And I, a captive, unresigned,  
Behold, and lift my head.

### XXXV.

The gates cannot remain forever shut  
That keep the White Rose from its former home:  
For waves of righteous wrath against them foam,  
And loyal swords a noble entrance cut,  
And not forsaken doth the exile roam.

The heavy stones have been compelled to stir  
Before the march of our triumphant flower.  
I see it now returning unto power;  
And when such restoration shall occur,  
To thee again I'll offer every tower.

The banners of Plantagenet advance,  
And o'er the battlements the white crests climb,

Their prowess is compelling and sublime.  
Pride of the chosen house will they enhance,  
And win for me a long desired time.

Lo! Royal Richard urges havoc on,  
And bids his soldiers no denial take.  
The sinews of defense they rend and brake,  
And shields they shatter ever and anon,  
And stout foundations they assail and shake.

Dread missels rain upon them as they charge,  
And by a hundred arrows they are stung;—  
But may their praises on proud harps be sung!  
They win the walls, although their loss is large,  
And everywhere their foes are backward flung.

So move the valiant agents of release  
The glory of my castle to restore,  
And stablish my authority once more,  
And make the power of our rose increase,  
And place it on the towers as before.

XXXVI.

Now victory is in the voice  
That hath been telling of defeat.  
O lady, listen, and rejoice!  
Our triumph here is now complete:  
And glad shall be the consequence  
Of this brave day of which I tell,  
For all our foes are driven hence,  
And here again as lord I dwell.

Thus hath deliverance been brought,  
And all my chains been from me struck.  
Saint George for our bright flower fought,  
And placed it where no foe could pluck;  
And high above our battered walls  
Thy banner waves in pride again,  
While down the Red Rose embelm falls  
Before the wrath of loyal men.

And I am free to journey forth,—  
No longer by oppression bound.  
I care not if the foe be wroth,  
For friends most faithful have I found.  
Great honor have they here achieved,

And given me heroic aid.  
Captivity have they relieved,  
And counted not the price they paid.

And thou—my lady! thou—my love!  
Expect me in thy bowers soon:  
Where dwells the spirit of the dove,  
And charm symbolical of June:  
And there will I remain, and rest,  
For I have seen enough of rage,  
And only peace I now request,  
And love that can all wounds assuage.

Therefore prepare for me a place  
Within thy gates, and at thy side;  
And there, where battle leaves no trace,  
Will I in tranquil state abide:  
And far from war's distress withdrawn,  
And free from long confining bars,  
I'll breathe with thee the breath of morn,  
And stand with thee beneath the stars.

### XXXVII.

I hear a word that strikes a chill,  
And wakens mingled wrath and dread.  
It tells that hate hath power still,  
And that a sword hangs o'er thy head.

I learn that thy serene domain  
Is threatened by an ugly foe—  
Who could not thy regard obtain,  
And therefore seeks thy overthrow.

But deem not, love, that I will leave  
All undisturbed this evil plot.  
The sun shall day and night deceive  
Ere thou hast cause to trust me not.

My hurts are not competely healed,  
But not for this will I delay.  
My rage shall quickly be revealed,  
And Edgerton's base hand I'll stay.

Brave followers around me crowd,  
And on their strength we both may lean.  
No enemy shall be allowed  
To freely vent on thee his spleen.

In power now thy friends approach.  
And love directs their eager spears;  
And they who on thy lands encroach  
Must scatter when their force appears.

But what if we arrive too late,  
And thy defense cannot survive?  
Now good Saint George forbid such fate,  
And keep thee safe till we arrive.

O that the wind might be my steed,—  
That I might reach thy gates, and guard!  
Too slow is my good charger's speed,  
Though never lover rode more hard.

O that my breast might be thy shield,—  
That I might shelter thee, or die!  
So should my love stand all revealed,  
Now, when the sword of hate is nigh.

Thy peril doth my soul appall!  
Would I could give thee instant aid!  
Across the hills I hear thee call,  
And my response is not delayed.

Nor foaming stream, nor rugged shore,  
Can check the zeal with which I ride;  
And regions wild I gallop o'er  
To rescue my affianced bride.

### XXXVIII.

I come, and find thy castle  
With all its gates secure;  
For jealous wrath  
Could cut no path  
Unto thy presence pure.

The stern and steadfast portals  
Assailants still resist;  
And now without,  
Our soldiers stout  
Will those within assist.

O, anxious were our spirits,  
And ardent was our speed!  
O'er ford and fell  
We rode right well,  
For love was there to lead.

In stern array arriving,  
We form our lines to fight;  
Prepared to hew  
Our passage through  
The cordon that would blight.

We bring in martial splendor  
Thy proudly guarded gift:  
By love once more  
Raised in the fore  
Of ranks without a rift.

Behold how I remember.  
Thy pleasure, and my vow!  
I come to show  
Both friend and foe  
My heart's devotion now.

First in the realm of beauty!  
Yea, first among the fair!  
My life I'll stake  
For thy dear sake,  
And death for thee I'll dare!

Look forth where thou art waiting,  
And watch while we relieve;  
For in thine eyes  
A power lies  
To help men to achieve.

### XXXIX.

The bands that threatened thee are overthrown,  
And my great love hath been in battle shown,  
And our brave rose hath made its power known,  
And won for thee release:  
So rise, beloved, and no longer sigh!  
The storm of war hath left, and passed thee by.  
Love comes—and hate hath been compelled to fly,  
And all good things increase.

My strength is thine, to shelter, and preserve;  
And proud am I that I can say—I serve!  
For more than man can give thou dost deserve;  
Yet is my love allowed.  
And I have won in thee the pearl supreme.  
Earth's rarest gem, and love's embodied dream.

Day's brightest form, and night's most cheering beam;  
And therefore am I proud.

Behold me where I sigh for thee, and wait!  
Leave thy seculsion, love, and be not late.  
Remember that my worship still is great;  
So heed my call, and come!  
I made dark Edgerton in flight depart,  
And ever thus my hand obeyed my heart,  
For all the sweetness of my life thou art—  
The substance, and the sum.

I see thee, like a spirit bright, advance,  
With grace unmarred by evil, or mischance,  
And cloudless eyes, that greet me not askance,  
But look full soft and sweet:  
And all my langour leaves me, and I know  
That life hath compensation for its woe;  
And all around birds sing, and flowers grow,  
As thus in love we meet.

XL.

My prison walls have parted, and once more  
My feet can freely tread a friendly land;  
And here beside thee, undetained, I stand,  
While love reveals its power to restore,  
And heals me with the pressure of a hand.

And never hence would I without thee roam,  
For but with thee can I to bliss attain.  
Delivered from the tower, and the chain,  
My heart hath found the way unto its home,  
And been admitted to a fair domain.

Through regions desolate my feet have passed,  
And I have been where wrathful waters roll:  
But love afforded comfort in my dole:  
Imparting cheer when stars were overcast,  
And tried, but not deserted, was my soul.

And this shall be my pleasure, this my pride,  
And this the burthen of my praise shall be;—  
That when I lost both lands and liberty,  
And when all worldly favor was denied,  
Thou didst not turn thy face away from me.

XLI.

Though thou hast dwelt with danger since I left,  
 I find thee still serene.  
 Thou hast not been of one bright charm bereft,  
 Nor lost thy gracious mien.

Thou art as lovely as when I went forth—  
 Expecting triumph soon;  
 And trial hath but proved thy steadfast troth,  
 And been to love a boon.

I see that thou art brave as thou art mild,  
 And true as thou art fair;  
 Remaining tranquil when the storm is wild,  
 And calm when nigh to care.

The gusts of anger thou hast well withstood,  
 And bent not as the reed:  
 For thou art beautiful, and true, and good,  
 And highly born indeed.

And I, no more in solitude confined,  
 Nor bound by cords that chafe,  
 Rejoice, upon returning thus, to find  
 My lady well and safe.

And telling thee of triumph I am come  
 From out the victor's tent;  
 And silent now is war's disturbing drum,  
 And love rests here content.

XLII.

Now let us on green banks recline,  
 Delivered from our former fret,  
 And drink of love's enchanting wine,  
 Which we in purest cups may get;  
 For here is found a gracious tree,  
 And here a feast is for us set,  
 And distant is the enemy,  
 And never evil here is met.

Now let us live with joyful things,  
 Forgetting death, and sieges dark,  
 And watch the flutter of bright wings,  
 And unto songs of gladness hark;  
 And loving much, and praising long,

Each mood of thine I'll fondly mark,  
And shielded from outlying wrong,  
Like paradise shall be thy park.

Sweet bud, upon thy perfect brow  
Will I a floral tribute place,  
And underneath a royal bough  
Proclaim thee queen by right of grace;  
And here a sylvan throne I'll make,—  
In lands belonging to thy race,  
And from the tree soft blossoms take  
To smooth the paths that thou dost trace.

### XLIII.

The voice of war is heard again,  
And England is not yet at ease;  
For peace before contention flees,  
And treason rises from its den  
With hands that would the scepter seize.

Once more must I my weapon draw  
From out the sheath in which it slept;  
For solemn vows have not been kept,  
And broken is restraining law,  
And righteous bounds are overstept.

My soul is tired of the strife,  
Yea, weary of the bitter fray.  
Ah, why should man go forth to slay?  
Why seek to take a brother's life,  
And imitate the beasts of prey?

Thus do I speak, and thus I feel,  
And yet the sword I also take;  
For war can often converts make  
Of those whose hearts are not of steel,  
And who would rather mend than break.

So am I by our emblem led  
To fields that I would fain avoid,  
Where death's grim legions are deployed,  
And blood unsparingly is shed,  
And life is trampled and destroyed.

Twice have I ridden thus to war,  
And left thee, though my heart was fond.  
Again faith calls, and I respond,



And sadly part from thee once more,—  
From thee—without whom I despond

Behold! my steed is battle shod,  
And I am clad again in mail!  
Let not thy lovely lips grow pale.  
I take a path true knights have trod;—  
So fare thee well—love will not fail.

#### XLIV.

In loyal resolve I have leveled my spear,  
And called my retainers around.  
The day of our last great contention draws near,  
And signs of its coming abound.  
The toll will be heavy, the price nigh to dear,  
But we must recover our ground.

Here hovers the shade of the spirit that saith—  
All flesh doth to darkness belong;  
And thousands are marching toward dominant death,  
That mocks at the strength of the strong;  
And takes even youth, and revokes our vain breath,  
Yet rules not for ultimate wrong.

The terrible reaper I'll face unafraid,  
And faint not before him, nor fly;  
For now must my tribute to honor be paid,  
Though proving allegiance I die.  
And on a high altar my life shall be laid,  
Ere faith of a knight I deny.

And thou, who dost sit in thy castle, aloof  
From scenes of destruction and hate,  
I bear still thy banner of wonderful woof,  
In which hath been woven my fate.  
Through it thy affection first gave me its proof,  
And love looks upon it elate.

#### XLV.

Plantagenet at last may reign secure,  
And sit in peace on England's lofty throne;  
For treason can no more his wrath endure,  
And in our fields the White Rose blooms alone:  
And all its enemies are overthrown,  
And it is potent now as it is pure.

To Towton's plain, whereon our cause was won,  
Two hosts that both were mighty proudly went;  
And when the day on which they fought was done,  
Each petal of the Red Rose had been rent;  
And unto barren soil it had been sent,  
And forced our greater emblem's might to shun.

Wild blew the wind, and thickly fell the snow,  
When for that final test the Roses met.  
The elements in fury seemed to show  
That mortal rage doth nature's wrath beget;  
And in a fitting scene our strife was set,  
And fiercely shrieked the blast at every blow.

We fought for England upon English soil,  
But like ourselves were those with whom we strove,  
And mighty were the spears we sought to foil,  
For they were fashioned from a native grove;  
And furious against our ranks they drove—  
Swift in advance, and stubborn in recoil.

But now that field, and all the land, is ours,  
And we may hang our weapons up, and rest.  
The dreadful cloud of war no longer lowers,  
And victory belongs unto the best;  
The White Rose King is of his crown possessed,  
And righteous are the nation's reigning powers.

And Rosamond! Thou who art still the theme  
Of all sweet songs to my devoted ear,  
For that I fought my country to redeem,  
I know thou wilt not frown when I appear:  
I know I will receive a welcome dear,  
And meet in thy clear eyes a gracious gleam.

#### XLVI.

Come forth, my love, for all our foes have fled!  
Come with the White Rose, fearing not the Red!  
This is the day to which all others led,  
For peace hath come to pass.  
After the battle give the smile I crave.  
Behold the banner that I fought to save!  
Its virgin folds did valorously wave,  
And shining plumes surpass.

The army that opposed is driven back,  
And Edgerton will never more attack,

And earth will soon forget his anger black,  
For fighting me he fell.  
Peace be to him, and unto all the dead.  
My hate departs, and pity wakes instead.  
By unrequited love he was misled:—  
I wish his spirit well.

O'er my dead enemy I breathe no curse.  
May his new state be better, and not worse  
Than that which ended in this last reverse,  
And may he softly sleep.  
For anger hath from out my spirit past,  
While love remains, and will forever last,  
For thy unconscious power holds it fast,  
And it is founded deep.

Shall I not call thee Rosamond the Rose,  
That in love's garden all unrivalled grows?  
Shall I not give the praise a subject owes,  
And bend the knightly knee?  
Shall I not name thee with extolling tongue,  
And gird thee with affection ever young,  
And build fair courts that thou may'st rest among?  
Yea, love, so shall it be.

O noblest daughter of a noble line!  
Here, in a land of peace, no peace were mine,  
Could I not look with loving eyes in thine,  
And sweet response receive:  
And all success in war would barren be,  
If love withheld its higher victory;  
For most I triumphed in obtaining thee;—  
No more can I achieve.

Upon thy castle shines the gracious sun!  
The gloom hath passed, and cloudless days begun.  
The war is over, and our work is done.  
Let praise unlock thy lips!  
The lamb now fears no wolf that would destroy.  
The dove contented coos, and none annoy.  
The lark again proclaims its native joy,  
And time untroubled trips.

Come, then, and never more be thou remote.  
Give me the flower that doth faith denote,  
And we will on bright streams together float,  
Where waves rise not and roar.

And when upon the waters we embark,  
Love will illumine places that were dark.  
And we will rest beneath the rainbow's arc,  
And dwell apart no more.

XLVII.

Here by thy side affection finds its goal,  
And life bestows on me its fairest prize.  
I read earth's best approval in thine eyes;  
And all love's music centers in my soul,  
And on the wings of rapture I arise.

Why wears the earth again its robe of green?  
Why do glad voices from the fields arise?  
What magic hath restored our azure skies?  
Herein the might of love is surely seen,  
For in its power all redemption lies.

War, and bleak winter, we may now forget,  
Or but remember for the faith they tried.  
Since these did not destroy us, or divide,  
We can recall the storm without regret,  
Well pleased to have endured it side by side.

I kept thy gift, and did not fail my king,  
And finished now is every martial task.  
Here in the light of beauty I may bask.  
No stain is on the banner that I bring,  
And I am not denied the heart I ask.

Thou hast unbarred the gates, and let me in,  
And given me the rose for which I came:  
Therefore thy hand forever I may claim:  
Therefore the sacred rites will soon begin,  
And thou and I shall bear a single name.



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